

ZION'S HERALD.

PUBLISHED BY
BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION.
36 Bromfield Street, Boston,
A. S. WEED, Publisher.

BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, Editor.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

Price \$2.50, Payable in Advance.
Postage 20 cents per year.

Specimen Copies Free.



Vol. LIV.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1877.

No. 1.

ZION'S HERALD.

ADVERTISING RATES.
First insertion (space matter), per line, 25 cents.
Each continued insertion, " " " " 10 " "
Three months, 10 insertions, " " " " 25 " "
Six months, 20 " " " " 45 " "
Twelve months, 40 " " " " 85 " "
Business Notices, " " " " 25 " "
Reading, " " " " 50 " "

No Advertisement published for less than one dollar.
No Advertisement will be taken without a personal inspection by us of the copy.
Costs will only be taken by special arrangement.

ALONZO S. WEED,
Publishing Agent,
BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.	PAGE.
The Almighty Love.—The Beginning.—Organic Excitements.—Methodist Episcopal Publishing House of India.—Learning. FROM OUR EXCHANGES.	1
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Old Wine in Old Bottles.—Letter from Bermuda.—Letter from Ontario, Canada.—A Word to Foolish Young Men. OUR BOOK TABLE.	2
THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.	
The Itinerary in South India.—South India Conference. RELIGIOUS NEWS. TESTIMONIES. Miscellaneous Questions.—Boston Market.—Advertisements.	3
EDITORIAL.	
How to Do It.—France and the Jesuits.—Metropolitan Methodism.—Evangelization of Cities.—Editorial Items.	4
NOTES FROM THE CHURCHES.	
Methodism.—Maine.—East Maine.—Rhode Island.—New Hampshire. THE WEEK. Advertisements.	5
THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.	
The Sunday-school. THE FAMILY. Advertisements.—Catholic Trouble.—"Unitarianism and Life."—The Beacon.—Selected Poem.—Poetry.—Pleasanties.	6
THE FARM AND GARDEN.	
Sunset at Noon.—Passed Away. OBITUARIES. Advertisements.	7
Business Notices.—Gardiner District Appointments.—Church Register.—Marriages.—Reading Notices.—Letters from Washington and New Orleans.—Advertisements.	8

THE ALMIGHTY LOVE.

BY REV. GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, D. D.

When great storms of woe o'ertake us,
When great desolations come,
When great shocks of sorrow shake us,
When bereft of friends and home,
When from love's communion driven,
O'er earth's desert, bleak and broad,
Strength and joy shall be given
Through the mighty love of God.

When life's waste and wintry ocean
Stretches desolate before,
Tossing wild, in fierce commotion,
Far between us and our shore,
Then, like glorious sunshine beaming
From the opening sky above,
Down through all our hearts comes streaming
God's unclouded, quenchless love.

When we yield up all for Jesus,
When each earthly trust has flown,
When God's eye, omniscient, sees us
Stricken for truth's sake alone,
Then on His heart is yearning,
All His tender mercies move,
All His boundless love is burning,
What can vanquish sue a love!

What shall shake our trust, deep-founded
In Jehovah's truth and might?
Though with gloom awhile surrounded,
Morn shall break and bring us light.
All our fear and tribulation
Vanish at His sovereign nod,
Lend our hearts for consolation
On the changeless love of God.
New Rochelle, N. Y.

THE BEGINNING.

BY REV. V. M. SIMONS.

Everything but God begins. He is without beginning of days or end of years, unchanged and unchangeable, "from everlasting to everlasting," "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." The creation began. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Out of nothing He made this mass of common matter known as "the heavens and the earth." There was no order, no beauty, nor furniture, nor fashion, to anything; indeed, there was nothing.

Even when the earth was without form and void, the stamina of future growths were all blended together. Exerting his own power in a series of violent agitations, God expelled the vapors, separated the fluids and the solids, which, together with certain fiery particles, made up the compound of the original chaos, and obediently to His fiat, the dark earth was illuminated. Then He set the firmament—a vast expanse separating the water of the seas and the clouds—and this He called heaven. Then the waters found their places, the continents and islands appeared, the great lights blazed in the sky, and, under the creative impulse, with song and shout of morning stars and sons of God, the worlds started off, plunging into the untraveled pathways of the trackless space. This was the beginning, and it was the beginning. And its magnificence who can imagine!

Peradventure, in the nature of it might be found the explanation of the creation's long continuance. Had it come of chance, the various essences and particles of matter happening to be, and then happening to take a liking to each other, and then happening to run together, in a passion for concourse, into visible and orderly forms, the attraction might have been uncertain as some modern free-love affinities; a law of repulsion might have set in, and in a few weeks or months, the whole system might have been broken into hostile fragments. But when God, having made the worlds, flung them from His plastic hand, He gave them a good beginning, according to which they have continued, through cycles and ages of orderly and harmonious movement.

Whichever way we look, whichever way we project our fancy or our thought, there we find ample evidence that the creation was well begun. The foundations of the earth were well

built, with burning sapphires and brilliant stones. The columns of its support were strongly formed, and able to hold its piled and pillared greatness. The beds of the starry constellations were well planned and planted. The floors of the Milky Way were laid with infinite perfection of power and skill. The golden clouds of covering brightness were accurately balanced, and thus, heaven above heaven, firmament on firmament, rose in order and beauty, to justify the power and wisdom of the great Creator. He looked upon His finished work, delighted to say of it, in the presence of the intelligent universe, "It is good." Thus the beginning was good—supremely good; and for thousands of years we have been studying the wonders of law, and life, and love, unfolded amid the mysteries of that beginning.

And man's beginning was equally good. He was the consummate flower of the creative plan and work. If, matter, under its various forms, started into being with laws of motion and life, giving to it an inherent, harmonious impulse and power; if every stone and star, having its own law, dropped into its appointed place; if every fish and fowl knew instinctively where it belonged; if every shrub, and flower, and tree, each after its own kind, began to be in natural and native fullness of stature and strength; if, in short, every object in the creation, below man, evidenced the goodness of the original beginning, then, be it remembered, these were but lower parts of that stupendous whole of which man was the crowning glory. Not to the lower creation alone, did the Creator give a good nature and communicate a good impulse at the beginning, but to man as well, and more eminently and especially to man. Within the depths of his godlike being, He implanted principles and powers, adequate to carry him, along with the rest of the creation, to a destiny inconceivably magnificent. If the creation be a picture, then man stood originally prominent in the visionary foreground, while everything above, around, beneath, was fashioned and positioned with reference to him. And if now he appear the only object out of place in the picture, it is not that the creation is disordered, but that man's transgression has disturbed the prevailing harmony, and marred the beauty of the scene. If man be in ruins now, it is because, like a wandering star, he has revolted from that law and order of life given to him when he began to be. There is no debate necessary. His beginning was, like that of the rest of the creation, good. He was made upright, and started his Maker on the pathway to eternal glory. His material surroundings were beautiful beyond compare; the finished earth and the fair heavens were his; but in the centre of all he himself stood—the lord of the creation, a splendid specimen of what the Creator could do, beyond the little work of making the worlds. If these had any significance, beyond what might belong to a gorgeous playhouse, it was borrowed from those high and holy relations in which man stood to universal matter. And if man's momentary present be bad, or his eternal future dismal and disastrous, still his magnificent beginning will justify the wisdom that designed his being, and the power that gave it. It is written in the records of the creation, that he had a good beginning.

Ruined he is, but even his ruins bear the marks of his original greatness. His body—that is a masterpiece of mechanism. His soul—though dead in sin, yet slurs convulsed with the spasms of the lingering life. His fears, how they paralyzed him as with a nightmare! His hopes, how big they are with immortality! His life—a thing of today, fading as a flower—and yet measured only by an eternity of to-morrow. Oh, the ruins are awful in their measureless grandeur! They tell us as we study them, of the beauty of that matchless mosaic, in the glory of which the templed manhood was made in the beginning.

Six thousand years removed from that beginning, with the history of all the generations, black with cruelty and crime, intervening; with every heart sick, and every home shadowed; with graves in every island and country and continent of the globe; with the "whole creation groaning and travailing in pain together until now;" there is one lesson, one solemn lesson, the history teaches us—the blessing of that good beginning, and the curse of having turned away from it. With steady purpose the material creation holds on its way, marching, as at the first, to the rhythm of its own music. Storms, earthquakes, volcanoes—these are notes of discord; they are but the loud, roaring pedals of the mighty organ harmonies. The stars—these shine in their courses as bright as ever. The birds—they sing in our woods, as blithe and gay as any that warbled their melodies in Paradise. The cattle upon a thousand hills—they eat and sleep, instinctively blessing Him whose they

are. The winds—these sound His praise. The seas—they roar their hallojabs to His name; and all things but man, yet pour forth the music of creation's morning hymn. Man alone has lost the key and spoiled the song, his own harsh utterances grating, at every breath, with their profane discords. He stands alone being amid all being, bewildered in the presence of creation's harmonies, and sick at heart that he is out of tune with everything.

And so the Creator has laid the whole universe under contribution, to bring to man that which he had in the beginning, with superadded glory. Redemption in Christ Jesus makes possible a second creation, with promise and prospect transcending the first. The second beginning was under Bethlehem's illuminated midnight, and the startled air ringing with the rejoicing of the angels. Humanity waits now in suffering expectation the final outcome of this beginning. The first, so far as man is concerned, proved a failure; the second will eventuate in recovery, more or less numerically complete, but actual and eternal, to all who shall have received the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Then will man take up his part of the song. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end." Thank God! the beginning is begun, with evident signs that the new creation will surpass the old, as summer surpasses winter, or a millennium outlasts a moment.

ORGANIC EXCITEMENTS.

BY REV. M. TRAFTON, D. D.

I received yesterday by mail, a copy of the *Keene Sentinel*, containing, on the first page, a "memorial sermon, delivered in the Protestant Episcopal Church, by Rev. George W. Brown, rector." I do not propose, in this article, to review the sermon of the rector, which was a very good discourse, but to follow the train of reminiscences awakened by the familiar name of its author.

Instantly, as by an electric flash, which unquestionably it was, memory, that faithful custodian of the soul's treasures, unlocked a little cabinet, the door of which bore the date 1840—thirty-six years since. In this paper I present to my readers the contents of a roll therein contained, written, like the prophet's, "within and on the back side," but not, like him, "lamentation, mourning and woe," but rather "joy, labor and success."

The Maine Conference of 1840 was held at Kent's Hill, Readfield, Bishop Hodding presiding. A goodly sight was that body of "manly men." Well-proportioned physically, many of them turning the scale at two hundred; intellectually, also, not suffering by comparison with any body of workers in humanity's busy hive. Hutchinson, Cox, Robinson, Nickerson, Streeter, Beale, Husted, Randall, Bray, Baker, Sanderson, and scores of others—*par nobilitate fratrum*—all heroes in the great fight, nearly all discharged and crowned. There was no crowd of people except on Sunday, as the Conference was always in secret session, the business going on direct to its close. Work and mount, was the motto.

I noticed two young laymen in the street and about the doors, eyeing the members sharply as they passed in and out, as though searching for a lost friend, or taking the gauge of their powers. On inquiry, I learned they constituted a committee from a charge in the vicinity of Portland, looking for a minister for the coming year. As I had not seen such a body before (I have seen a number since), my conviction is that they initiated the modern practice of kindly relieving the Bishop of the great responsibility of assigning the field of labor for the itinerant, and assuming it themselves. The Bishops should be grateful.

Whether they had any special influence or not, I cannot say, but I distinctly remember the following announcement, when the appointments were announced: "Saccarappa, M. T.—" It was a good appointment for me at least, for which I trust I was thankful; and, moreover, if I was sent there against their remonstrance, I forgave them heartily; or if by their agency, I wish, at this late day, to give my warm thanks to Benjamin Partridge and my old and faithful friend, Rev. Dr. Samuel Brown, of the Providence Conference. I wonder if he remembers the hard theological and other nuts we so often cracked in my study?

I took my family (wife and two children) in my buggy and drove to Saccarappa. A warm welcome awaited us, and we were soon settled in our own hired house. An argument in favor of "personages furnished" is the painful fact that, during our two years of service there, we occupied three tenements.

Soon after our arrival, Brother Brown took me round among the brethren for an introduction. Going into the large cotton mill, among other places, we entered a room, in one corner of which,

sitting on a pile of "cotton cuts," was a fine-looking boy of fifteen or sixteen years of age, engaged in reading a book. Walking up to him, my chaplain said, "This is my brother George, who plays our chapel melodeon; this is our preacher, George." And allow me to introduce to my readers the popular and worthy rector of St. James Episcopal Church in Keene, N. H., referred to at the head of this article, as "George," on that pile of cloth. My heart warmed at once toward the fresh young lad, as I remembered how recently I myself was a friendless boy seated upon a shoemaker's bench, with never a helping hand extended to me.

George was a natural musician—a self-taught and fine performer on the melodeon, but not a Christian; but ere long he sought and found the great treasure. Should he see this, he will doubtless recall the scene in that grove of spruces, where we wrestled together in prayer for the pardoning grace of the Saviour. I received him into the Church, and he has since preached in a pulpit I was filling, though the terrible "canons" of the Church of his subsequent adoption prevent his reciprocation of the courtesy.

Our chapel in S. was a poor one, built upon leased ground, and seating only about two hundred and fifty; and we soon began to agitate the enterprise of a new and larger church. In the village was a new Congregational church; and, as in all other places, there was a sharp rivalry, and I am sorry to say, there was not much hesitancy in taking of a shingle from a neighbor's house to stop a leak in ours.

A wonderful revival was soon in full force, such as I never before witnessed. Business was suspended in many instances, and the whole village was stirred to its foundations. In the mean time a lot was purchased, and our new house commenced.

One day Brother S. C. Brown came to me with the startling announcement: "George is going to play the melodeon in the Congregational Church!"

"No, this can't be."
"Yes," said he, "George is crazy to play an organ, and they have promised to have one built; indeed, have already contracted with Edwards, of Portland, to construct one in three months. In the mean time George is to play their instrument."

"Go and get your overcoat while I put Charlie into the sleigh," said I. "Let us go to Portland. We'll see about this 'organic movement.'"

Calling on a Mr. Paine, a music teacher, we inquired if he knew of an organ suitable for a church. Yes, he knew of a fine parlor organ, English-built, of six registers, which the owner would sell very low. Off we drove to the fine mansion of Mr. Somebody—I have lost his name—and found him at home. He took us into his parlors, and there stood a beautiful organ, of splendid tone, in a mahogany case. He (the owner) wished to sell, would take \$300, and give us time as well as tune.

Back we went to S., got our officials together, stated the case, and secured a vote to purchase. An injunction of secrecy was imposed, especially upon the married men. The next morning early found us in the city and the trade completed. Going to the organ factory, we procured a practical organic operator to take it to pieces, box it, and set it up. So we stuck in him until it was near night, when we took the key-board into the sleigh, and arriving at the chapel, slipped it quietly in, and locked it up.

I smile now when I recall the experience of the next day, as I walked about the busy village, meeting now and then a good Orthodox brother, and fancying him saying to himself, as a sly twinkle flashes over his eye, "I wonder what Mr. T. will say next Sabbath morning when he finds his player is gone?" While, could he have read my thoughts, he would have detected me asking with equally Christian feelings, "I wonder how these good brethren will feel Sabbath morning, when the tunes of the Methodist organ, manipulated by George, shall roll down the street and silence their Jew's-harp?"

Brother Hastelaine, who went into the city with his span of horses in the morning, brought it out late in the evening, and Carter, George and the writer were at the chapel to take in the precious boxes; and early in the morning the man came to set it up. The great secret could be kept no longer. Through the village the tidings flew: "The Methodists have got an organ!" Through the stores, through Ropes' knife factory, through the great cotton-mill, through the saw-mills, into private dwellings, the astounding tidings flew. The entrance of the famous wooden horse into old Ilion, or the news that fell like a thunder-clap upon the ears of the allies in council, "Bonaparte is in Paris!" or the report, "Lee has surrendered to Grant," were nothing to it. Nobody was injured—nothing but organic excitements!

When our new church was finished, and the organ was to be removed, to save expense I proposed to move it

myself. I had seen it taken down, and assisted the man to set it up, marked his process of tuning, and said, "Give me some men to do the lifting, and I will be responsible for its safety;" and we did, George and I, and nothing was injured. But the church was burned some years since, and another more spacious erected, and my poor organ was injured in the hasty removal. I should like to possess the wreck.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL PUBLISHING HOUSE OF INDIA.

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

We have been not a little surprised to notice, in looking over the Methodist Almanac for 1876, that while mention was made of the Methodist Episcopal publishing houses in Germany and China, and even of the very recent undertakings of that sort in Mexico and Sweden, there seemed to be at 805 Broadway no acquaintance with the fact that for sixteen years publishing had been most energetically carried forward by the India mission. Verily we have been neglectful of our duty. We should long before this have set forth a complete account of the Indian Book Concern. We hasten to supply the omission, trusting that some one will call the attention of the editor of the Almanac to our article.

A printing press was set up at Bareilly in 1860, under the care of Rev. J. W. Waugh, who remained its superintendent for eleven years, being followed in 1871 and 1872 by Rev. J. H. Messmore, since which time it has been in the hands of Rev. T. Craven. The early records of the mission are somewhat defective as to this department of its work, but we believe the first publication issued was the smaller Catechism of the M. E. Church. Hymns, tracts, primers, Sunday-school books, and various forms of the sacred Scriptures followed as fast as funds were forthcoming and materials supplied. The difficulties to be overcome in conducting the infant enterprise were many and great; but by hard, persistent work they were surmounted, and the press made a larger and larger place for itself.

In 1866, it was deemed best to effect a removal to Lucknow. The wisdom of the transfer has been fully justified, in the greater facility which the larger, more central city has afforded for securing workmen and materials of every kind, and for increasing the business. For many years after its location here, it had to put up with miserable quarters, very poorly adapted to its wants; but, finally, in 1874, it reached its present handsome and spacious edifice, well-situated on the main business street of Lucknow. Here four printing presses are kept constantly at work, and, in addition, all the departments of lithographing and binding have skillful attention. Many compositors are employed setting type in English, Urdu, and Hindi, and in the former language large amounts of job-work are done. This pays high rates of profit, and thus materially increases the funds of the establishment. The expenses have been mainly met, however, by donations from the American Bible Society, and the Sunday-school and tract societies of the M. E. Church; though of late years the Missionary Society itself, recognizing the immense importance of the work accomplished, has made regular and liberal grants for carrying it on. The London Religious Tract Society has also afforded some help.

Passing to the publications issued, we find that while it is as yet the day of small things in this regard—under the circumstances it could not be otherwise—on the whole, a very fair beginning has been made toward building up a native Methodist literature, and some creditable contributions toward the general list of Christian books in Urdu and Hindi have been furnished. In the former class might be mentioned the standard Catechism, Discipline, and Hymn-book. Wesley on Christian Perfection, Watson's Life of Wesley, and Binney's Theological Compend also come under this category. Mr. Wesley's sermon on the New Birth, and Bishop Morris's sermon on Church Polity were very early put into Urdu for the guidance of the native preachers. Among the volumes of wider range and larger size should be mentioned translations of Butler's Analogy, and part of the works of Flavius Josephus, the Cross Bearer, Walker on the Work of the Holy Spirit, Dr. Murray Mitchell's Evidence of Christianity in the form of Letters to Indian Youth, Wayland's Moral Science, and Henry's Christian Treasury. Commentaries have been prepared on Revelation, Genesis, John's Gospel, and the Gospels of Matthew and Mark. This latter is an adaptation to India, by Dr. Scott, of Whedon's Commentary, and will probably be continued through all the volumes of that work. Other small books for Sunday-schools and day schools, tracts, controversial and practical reports, manuals, and a few reports from other presses, make up the total

of about one hundred titles now upon the list. Considerably more than half of these are in lithographed Urdu, this being proved to be the most popular style for the general mass of readers. The rest are divided between Hindi and Roman Urdu; that is, the Urdu language in the Roman alphabet, a form of print very common among native Christians, and coming gradually into vogue more widely as possessing many manifest advantages over the written character of the country.

So much in the line of books. Something, too, has been done in the way of periodicals. In 1868 the Mission decided that "a monthly paper be issued in Roman Urdu about the size of the *Missionary Advocate*, said paper to be a repository of news from our various stations, adapted to the wants of our native Christians, and simple enough for Sunday-schools." A paper answering substantially to this description, and called the *Christian Star*, was at once commenced. In 1869 the Mission also ordered the publication of an evangelistic monthly newspaper in lithographed Urdu, designed not only for subscribers but also for sale by colporteurs, and for gratuitous distribution, it being more especially adapted to the non-Christian public. It was named the *Sun*. Both papers were carefully edited, grew in favor with the people, and accomplished much good. The *Sun* now appears as a fortnightly, and the *Star* as a weekly, giving increased attention to supplying the native Churches with the fresh news of the day, and affording a field for the discussion of current questions.

In 1871 the Mission made still another venture in journalism, though this time not in its corporate capacity, but through the private enterprise of two of its most energetic members. Rev. J. M. Thoburn, and Rev. J. H. Messmore, of Lucknow, feeling that the country needed a paper that should be able to speak out with clear, decided voice, not only in the interest of missions and religion in general, but of total abstinence and every other high reform, began the *Lucknow Witness*, on their own individual responsibility. It was issued the first year as a fortnightly, and being sprightly, yet able, in tone, thoroughly alive and remarkably cheap, became at once a decided success. The second year it was published weekly, and steadily increased its circulation. In 1873 the eight pages were increased to ten by the addition of an advertisement supplement, and at the beginning of 1874 the paper was permanently enlarged to twelve good-sized pages. Yet its subscription list had so much increased that it could still be afforded without loss at the low price of five rupees and postage. It has done mainly service for every good cause, and has paid special attention to the promotion of the higher Christian life. Its present circulation is nearly, if not quite, double that of any other journal of its class in the country, and the many words of highest praise which it receives from the best judges give evidence that its prosperity is on a substantial basis.

We should not omit to mention that the mission press reproduces, in Urdu, Hindi and English, the International series of Sunday-school lessons, issuing monthly 2,700 of the English lesson leaves, 1,150 of the Urdu, and 750 of the Hindi. It publishes, also, a Sunday-school paper, the *Children's Friend*, in both the vernaculars, with a combined circulation of about 2,600 a month. To give a few more figures: In 1866 the number of pages of Christian literature issued from our press was 1,148,600. In 1870 it was 3,490,000. In 1875 it was 3,969,000. During the last ten years, probably at least twenty million pages have been struck off from the presses of this single establishment. What they have accomplished cannot be told till the records of the "great day" are unfolded; but we know that not one of them is forgotten before God.

We have left ourselves no space to make an appeal for help in this great work. We will say only that there is pressing need of a few thousand dollars to clear off the debt that rests on the new building, and to furnish stereotyping apparatus, of which there is at present a total lack. If any benevolent-minded man wishes to put a little money where it will do great good for many years to come, we can assure him that this is an unusually good opportunity. Who responds?
Lucknow, Oct., 1876.

LEARNING.

BY REV. Z. A. MUDGE.

On the wall above my desk, as I write, is a picture of the historic elm of Boston Common, stamped on a veneer of the tree itself. A striking feature of the picture is the leaning of the venerable tree, as if bowed with the decay of its more than two hundred years. But it had a right to lean! It had borne well, through its long life, wintry storms and all the ills that a tree is

heir to. Its final lean earthward was its appointed lot.

So, too, may man—so too must man—lean, when age and infirmities bow the body down. Yet should our higher nature not lean earthward, neither by the weight of years, nor the increase of cares, nor the accumulations of sorrows. Much less should the flowers that grow in our path, or the treasures which a bountiful Providence lays at our feet, cause our hearts to stoop from their heavenward aspirations.

Let not the young Christian lean towards doubtful practices nor destructive neglects. Every such movement carries the heart away from Christ, its centre, and creates a tendency to a spiritual fall; just as the removal of the centres of gravity from the trunk of a tree, made to feel the strain of its woody burden, tends to its injury and final destruction. Books read which deaden spiritual sensibility, though not very noticeably wrong; companions chosen whose intimacy lessens religious enjoyment, though not esteemed bad company—are leanings which bring down, little by little, the fair proportions of the Christian life; and the unsymmetrical piety thus formed tends to rottenness and death.

So, too, neglects are leanings to moral falls. The omissions of secret prayer, though only slight deviations from a greater integrity; the Word of God less frequently read; an increasing, easy-going habit regarding social and public worship, are solemn prophecies of that awful utterance by the great Judge at the final account, "Ye did it not!"

Our times have afforded many sad examples of giant oaks in high places of state, and goodly cedars in Zion under whose branches the lambs of Christ had sought shelter, which have started the nation by their seemingly sudden and ignominious fall. We say seemingly sudden, because, no doubt, there had been long-indulged leanings which were seen by only close observers. The extravagant living beyond honest means; the assumption of social position not warranted by legitimate resources; the resort in business emergency "just for this once," of some sly deceit of the same moral character and leading to forgery, or money borrowed without the owner's consent, were undoubtedly the fruit of the final prostration. If the "great elm" had begun to lean in its early maturity, it would have had no place in history, but would have been forgotten in a day, with the mass of its contemporaries. The great men of Church and State, whose successive generations will not cease to honor, such as Luther, Wesley, Washington and Lincoln, had their frailties which recent antiquaries have brought to light with microscopic search; but their integrity stands unimpeached. Grandly high to the last their moral natures towered, amid their exceptional great and difficult responsibilities. Ultimately God and good men honor such; but without the honor the upright position is its own reward in the personal peace and self-respect it brings. Don't lean!

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Across the snow."

Nature begins to hide her uncouth shapes and barren wastes beneath a lustrous shawl of purest white. All things share in the soft benison of the skies. The rough and muddy road, or unsightly street, becomes a crystalline highway, fit for the chariots of Olympus gods. The forest, only an hour since so brown and bare, is tricked out in ermine and argent and pearl. That homely bush before your door, the raggedness of which yesterday almost provoked your mirth, reminds you of the story of your childhood in which the pale-faced peasant girl, touched by the wand of enchantment, was transformed into a lovely princess, with all the splendors of royalty at her command. Look yonder! Only a little while ago, there stood a miserable old dwelling, which as of yonder your sight, you longed for money wherewith to buy and demolish it. Where is it now? Gone; and in its stead you see the palace of some Eastern king, roofed with frosted marble and adorned with curiously carved work, which puts to shame the fairest creations of men. Beauty here and beauty there. Beauty lavishly poured out on every hand. Beauty for the boy, singing home from school. Beauty for the wan invalid, who gazes sorrowfully out at the window. Beauty for the children of luxury and wealth, who dash by you in the sumptuous sleigh. Beauty even for the beggar, as he gathers his thin rags around him. Beauty for one and for all. Beauty without money and without price. Beauty for Him who loveth beauty, who Himself is beautiful in the "beauty of holiness" and who "bath made everything beautiful in His time."—*Christian Leader*.

It is idle to ignore the part which a strong personality plays in the ministry: it is truth. Much of the current teaching finds acceptance more from the weight of authority which attaches to the name of the teacher than from the intrinsic excellence of the word. There is a power going forth from large natures that has been veiled beneath the convenient term "personal magnetism." But call it what we will, the power is there. Consciously or unconsciously we all pay tribute to it. It is not the effect of a perfect physique. It is not the result of an intense vitality, or of intellectual gifts, or of an emotional nature. It is the result of what it is the personality of the man. We cannot divorce the word that is said from the voice that says it.—*Vermont Chronicle*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OLD WINE IN OLD BOTTLES.
Semi-Centennial Address by Rev. Amos Bunker, delivered in Lowell, at the session of the New England Conference in 1876, and published at the request of the New England Conference Historical Society.

I was born October 30th, 1802. "Saturday night," exclaimed one, "after the week's work is all done; a sure sign that work and he will never agree;" an old tradition, that may have proved true in some cases, but, like our modern weather "probabilities," has made at least one mistake: work and I have never fallen out. The place of my birth was the noted town of Hull—noted as being the smallest town, both in territory and in population; and yet noted in the political world by the saying, "As goes Hull, so goes the State." By actual count, on the above date, the inhabitants numbered 120, all told, including the last humble comer. Yet, most of all, Hull is noted as having given to the Methodist itinerancy not less than eleven ministers and ministers' wives, and all but one from the same family—four of the first generation, five of the second, and one of the third sixteen.

In the same town, when about 16 years of age, my spiritual birth took place under the zealous ministry of that flaming herald, Father Taylor, who ever after called me his boy, and concerning whom I cherish many pleasant reminiscences. One day, soon after my conversion, he said to me with peculiar emphasis, as one having authority.

"Amos, God wants you to preach, and I want you to go to New Market Academy and study theology."

"Theology!" said I. "What's that?"

"Go," said he, "and you'll find out."

I accordingly went, told the principal what I had come for, and who sent me. He looked askance at me for a moment, and then said,

"Well, I think you had better go into the class of surveying, navigation, logarithms and trigonometry."

And now, as to whether I ever found out what theology means, let them who are curious to know, read the little book called *The Theological Compend*. Let me say in connection with this, that I had been at the academy but a few weeks, when Rev. J. A. Merrill expressing his estimate of me, put into my hand a license to preach, saying he had made an appointment for me the next Sabbath evening; that I must go, and renew it from Sabbath to Sabbath. I obeyed orders, doing the best I could, with what effect I know not, save that the Rev. Dr. E. Adams, then a little boy, remembers to this day the preacher's first text, to say nothing of the sermon. A short time after this a Presiding Elder came, with a horse all saddled and bridled, desiring me to take the place of a circuit preacher whose health had failed. By this time I began to think that studying theology meant preaching it, of which Father Taylor, the sailor preacher, must have had some experience. Not heeding these things, which might be called "prophecies which went before" on me, I went home, engaged in a secular business, preaching only occasionally, perusing myself that my call was limited to that of the local ministry. Four years had thus passed, when I went up to the New England Conference at East Cambridge for local deacons' orders. Bishop George presided, preached—yes, preached, in the true apostolic style and sense of the word. His text was I Tim. iv. 15: "Give thyself wholly to these things." I can never forget his peculiar accent of the word "wholly," giving it special importance. "Yes, brethren," said he, repeating it several times, "w-h-o-l-l-y, w-h-o-l-l-y, w-h-o-l-l-y." This word was sown in tears and evidently had the promised effect (Ps. cxxvi. 5, 6). I regarded it as a special call to give myself wholly to the ministry, and accordingly went home, closed my business and offered myself to the Presiding Elder, who sent me at once to take the place of a preacher who had become so deranged and unacceptable in his work that the society had asked his removal. Whether they were right or not the mention of a few facts may suffice to show. On my approaching his residence, he saw and abruptly hailed me from an upper window, with,

"Who sent you here?"

"Oh," said I, "how do you do, Brother A.?" The Presiding Elder sent me, as, of course, I suppose you know."

"Well," said he, "the Presiding Elder has nothing to do with my affairs, and I shan't leave."

"Very well," said I, "as it is Saturday night, can I spend the Sabbath with you?"

"Well," said he, "I guess you can," and, opening the door, let me in. At bed time he took me to a spare room of many shelves, having been formerly used as a cheese closet. The entrance was by way of the lodging-room of mine host and hostess, and, of course, the first to bed must be the last up. So, in the morning I listened and waited for my proper time of egress, till, at a late hour, I found that I was in the house alone. Mine hosts had gone out to breakfast, but soon returned, bringing a portion for me. "And now," said he, "the people expect me to preach both this morning and afternoon, and you may occupy the desk this evening." Evening came, and, sure enough, the desk had no other occupant; the pastor, to save expense, as he said, serving as sexton. His chief work was to crop with rusty snuffers

the candles, attached by bits of tin and wire to a huge, rough block of wood, suspended from the ceiling in the centre of the room—a specimen of his own ingenuity. The Presiding Elder soon after called me to a place vacated by a brother deceased; and such was the beginning of my prospective itinerant life.

In 1826, fifty years ago, I was admitted on trial into the New England Conference, then including the whole field now occupied by the six New England Conferences. My first appointment was to K., in New Hampshire, in answer to a petition from some twenty families of Universalists, who had dismissed their preacher on the ground that he asked too much, just to insure that of what was already insured. Knowing nothing of this arrangement, I sought, as customary, some Methodist family for a temporary home, and found the only one there was some three miles from the village. Here myself and wife were welcomed till a parsonage was finally found. It was an old shanty, and reputed as haunted, from its dismal location in the corner of a graveyard, and its being long unoccupied, except by rats. While here my Presiding Elder called to meet his first quarterly meeting appointment. I had given notice that he would preach, and, the time having come, he requested me to read the first hymn, which I did, carefully adding, "Please sing four verses." The Presiding Elder (thinking, may be, to follow Paul's advice, "rebuke with all authority, and that before all") loudly exclaimed, "Say stanzas!" I knew his criticism was right, but thought it rather ill-timed; that he should have tutored the strapping preacher more privately; and, so, when he had read the Scripture lesson, and added, "Thus endeth the reading," etc., I could not easily refrain from asking, "Are then, sir, the Scriptures to be read no more?" This was my Presiding Elder's first and only visit for the year; and, as I expected, at the next Annual Conference he mentioned that I be discontinued. This, however, was prevented by such men as Pickering, Lindsay, Merrill, Taylor and others who knew me better, and thought I had not had a fair trial.

The Presiding Elder having said nothing as to my support, and being left to shift for myself, I called for the society to express their views, which resulted in a subscription of \$40, with the generous offer of one-half of my time to seek a living elsewhere. I at once formed a circuit of two or three neighboring towns, found here and there a Methodist of the scattered abroad, of which, together with other Christian friends without a shepherd, new Churches were formed, to which the Lord added not a few converts. One of the number was Friend B., so-called from his having formerly been a member of the society of Friends. As a citizen, no one was regarded more capable of business and responsible of life than he; yet, being somewhat peculiar in some of his religious views and acts, he was deemed a fanatic by some, but by others a most conscientious, consistent Christian. For instance, his devotions at early dawn were from the top of an elm-tree in his front yard, closing uniformly with the shout of, "Glory to the King of heaven!" At the table he had practiced putting a little salt into his tea and other drinks. I asked the reason, and he cited me to Mark ix. 50: "Have salt in yourselves." I explained that the word "salt" there was used as an emblem in the sense of saving grace, as in Matt. v. 13; Col. iv. 6. He was at once open to conviction, and yet so nicely scrupulous, that he compromised the matter by putting a peck of salt into the well, saying, "It may do as well." And with this I must close the story of the first year of my itinerant experiences.

[To be continued.]

LETTER FROM BERMUDA.

BY PROF. JOHN JOHNSTON, LL. D.

MR. EDITOR: Do any of your readers ever care to hear from this "far off island of the sea?" "Far off," indeed, we New Englanders are accustomed to think of it, but once here, and you find it quite centrally located. Communication by steamers is kept up with New York, Halifax, N. S., and the island of St. Thomas; the three places being not very unequidistant. Between this place and New York, the steamer makes bi-monthly trips, but only monthly between this place and the other two places named. Then, too, historically we find some not-unpleasant associations connecting us with the people here. As has been remarked by others, the original inhabitants of these islands came from much the same class of society in England as did the early settlers of our own New England, and at about the same time. Of the present population, in number they tell me about 14,000, more than half are colored, slavery having been early established here, as in the West India islands generally; and the history of these times obliges us to allow that they very probably would have been in New England had it been found profitable. Do any object to this statement? If they do, I shall not attempt to prove it, but only assert it as my own opinion after some study of early New England history. The early settlers of Plymouth, Boston, Salem, etc., were, indeed, a noble race, and as tenacious of what they believed to be right and just as any people that ever lived, but they were not free from the weaknesses of humanity. Therefore, in expressing the above opinion, I have only intimated a belief that our ancestors, with all their excellences, were not necessarily

superior in this respect to all others of their age and race.

Of the people you meet in the streets here, vastly more than half are colored, and of every shade. Slavery was abolished here in 1834, at the same time as it was in all the other English West India colonies, and the two races, I believe, have ever lived in harmony; but the old antipathy of race still exists apparently as strong as ever. It is very common to call this feeling prejudice, but in my view this is a misuse of the word. The phrase, antipathy of race, I think, expresses the feeling much better. It may lead to similar results as prejudice, and be itself as reprehensible, but it has altogether a different origin; and if we are disposed to seek for means to diminish or counteract the feeling, it is proper that we should use language that correctly expresses it. We shall then be less likely to err and waste our energies.

A writer I have recently been reading expresses very confidently the opinion, that among the people of Bermuda this feeling, which I call antipathy of race, is much less than in the United States. This may be true as regards the people of the recent slave-holding States, but I am very confident, is not true as to the people of the other States, especially of the people of New England. Though I have been here only a few weeks, I have seen abundant evidence that this antipathy of race is everywhere strong. No attempts are made to counteract or conceal it, so far as I can see. I have attended Church only at the Wesleyan, or regular Methodist I will call it, but here separate seats are set apart for the colored people, as is another part of the church for the British soldiers, of whom there are always many on the island. These in their red coats make a striking appearance, in the eyes of a New Englander.

The reader will please notice that I am not speaking in the way of either censure or approval. I seek only to give facts as I see them.

Hamilton, Dec. 7.

LETTER FROM ONTARIO, CANADA.

There has been quite a stir, lately, among our politicians. Some of them have been called before the judges to give account of their practices among the electors, prior to the day of voting, the results of which have not been very creditable to them. The trouble is that both parties have been put to shame in their red coats make a striking appearance, in the eyes of a New Englander.

The reader will please notice that I am not speaking in the way of either censure or approval. I seek only to give facts as I see them.

Hamilton, Dec. 7.

LETTER FROM ONTARIO, CANADA.

There has been quite a stir, lately, among our politicians. Some of them have been called before the judges to give account of their practices among the electors, prior to the day of voting, the results of which have not been very creditable to them. The trouble is that both parties have been put to shame in their red coats make a striking appearance, in the eyes of a New Englander.

The reader will please notice that I am not speaking in the way of either censure or approval. I seek only to give facts as I see them.

Hamilton, Dec. 7.

LETTER FROM ONTARIO, CANADA.

There has been quite a stir, lately, among our politicians. Some of them have been called before the judges to give account of their practices among the electors, prior to the day of voting, the results of which have not been very creditable to them. The trouble is that both parties have been put to shame in their red coats make a striking appearance, in the eyes of a New Englander.

The reader will please notice that I am not speaking in the way of either censure or approval. I seek only to give facts as I see them.

Hamilton, Dec. 7.

LETTER FROM ONTARIO, CANADA.

There has been quite a stir, lately, among our politicians. Some of them have been called before the judges to give account of their practices among the electors, prior to the day of voting, the results of which have not been very creditable to them. The trouble is that both parties have been put to shame in their red coats make a striking appearance, in the eyes of a New Englander.

The reader will please notice that I am not speaking in the way of either censure or approval. I seek only to give facts as I see them.

Hamilton, Dec. 7.

LETTER FROM ONTARIO, CANADA.

There has been quite a stir, lately, among our politicians. Some of them have been called before the judges to give account of their practices among the electors, prior to the day of voting, the results of which have not been very creditable to them. The trouble is that both parties have been put to shame in their red coats make a striking appearance, in the eyes of a New Englander.

The reader will please notice that I am not speaking in the way of either censure or approval. I seek only to give facts as I see them.

Hamilton, Dec. 7.

LETTER FROM ONTARIO, CANADA.

There has been quite a stir, lately, among our politicians. Some of them have been called before the judges to give account of their practices among the electors, prior to the day of voting, the results of which have not been very creditable to them. The trouble is that both parties have been put to shame in their red coats make a striking appearance, in the eyes of a New Englander.

The reader will please notice that I am not speaking in the way of either censure or approval. I seek only to give facts as I see them.

Hamilton, Dec. 7.

LETTER FROM ONTARIO, CANADA.

There has been quite a stir, lately, among our politicians. Some of them have been called before the judges to give account of their practices among the electors, prior to the day of voting, the results of which have not been very creditable to them. The trouble is that both parties have been put to shame in their red coats make a striking appearance, in the eyes of a New Englander.

The reader will please notice that I am not speaking in the way of either censure or approval. I seek only to give facts as I see them.

Hamilton, Dec. 7.

LETTER FROM ONTARIO, CANADA.

There has been quite a stir, lately, among our politicians. Some of them have been called before the judges to give account of their practices among the electors, prior to the day of voting, the results of which have not been very creditable to them. The trouble is that both parties have been put to shame in their red coats make a striking appearance, in the eyes of a New Englander.

The reader will please notice that I am not speaking in the way of either censure or approval. I seek only to give facts as I see them.

Hamilton, Dec. 7.

are on such topics as the Tower of London, Charles Dickens, William M. Thackeray, etc. He is said to be an eloquent preacher, and has preached once each Sabbath that he has been in Toronto, of course, in the very largest churches. Mr. Clarke travels in style; a servant accompanies him. His portrait is exhibited in all the shop windows, and puffing notices are inserted in all the journals; everything possible is done to secure a full house. But what can men think of a minister leaving the pastoral work for such a mode of life as this? Money and fame thus gained are too dearly bought.

You are aware that we have a bill on our statute book, which gives permission to the people in any given locality to refuse the sale of liquors in taverns at present. Some counties, both in Ontario and Quebec, have carried the said bill by large majorities. Other counties are also making preparations to test the question, so that very likely we shall have prohibition in other counties. The tavern-keepers have taken the alarm, hence the Licensed Victuallers' Association have buckled on the armor as though making ready for the fight. The licensed inspectors are, I believe, doing their utmost to carry out the law. Several violators have been punished; but the gentlemen (?) of the association have started a journal in their interests, which, of course, strongly condemns drunkenness, but at the same time complains bitterly about the interference with vested interests, and depriving the subject of his personal liberty, etc. They have even held a mass meeting in Toronto, condemnatory of temperance associations, etc. I am glad that Rev. E. H. Dewar, editor of the *Christian Guardian*, was not afraid to appear on the platform at the said meeting, and though surrounded by the manufacturers of the liquor, yet he did not fail to denounce "the traffic" as of the most iniquitous and demoralizing character.

A Rev. Dr. Townley, once himself a Methodist, and the son of a Wesleyan minister of considerable ability in his day, has so far forgotten what belongs to his position, as to actually preach a sermon in the parish of which he is rector in defense of drinking liquor. He says that prohibition is an interference with the good creatures of God. He has long been a most singular person—a real high Churchman—but his present course of action certainly is most lamentable. He pleads that he is an old man and will soon appear before his Judge. Some wish that he had not performed such a deed on the eve of his going to the tribunal, but they are charitable enough to attribute it to his dotage.

The battle of whiskey was never fought so desperately in our land as now. Those who defend the traffic are taking measures to secure such members in our various municipal councils as they think will uphold the whiskey trade. Earnest temperance men are held up to ridicule, and even worse; for recently one of them had the misfortune to have the mane and tail of his horse cut and disfigured, as his reward for well doing.

This is the season for holding missionary meetings. A goodly number have already been held. I am glad to learn that in several instances the receipts have exceeded last year's. I am also gratified that our laymen of influence are taking a prominent position in advocating the claims of the missions. Some of them have devoted much time in going to various places for this purpose, where they have done much good. We have some brethren who have just returned from the mission fields of the "Prairie Province," whose heroic tales do not fail to secure willing listeners. Our treasurers are calling for \$200,000, to secure which there will need to be a great advance all along the line.

The Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada have long been contemplating the erection of a female college. It appears that a plot of ground has been secured for this purpose at St. Thomas, a rising town in the western part of Ontario. They are hopeful of success. The times are very hard for such an enterprise, and if they succeed in securing a sufficiency of stock, it will certainly redound very much to their credit. They have had a college at Belleville for some years, where both sexes have been educated, but, I believe, they intend to retain their present college for males exclusively. Since the Ladies' College was started at Hamilton by the Wesleyans some fifteen years ago, at least five or six others have been established in various parts of the Province—a clear proof, certainly, of the progress education is making in our midst.

The surplus question is commanding a good deal of attention just now among the Episcopalians in Montreal. It seems that in some Churches the practice has been to put on the gown before preaching. The Bishop, who is not accused of any High Church proclivities, wished to have uniformity among his clergy, and expressed a wish that all would use the surplice only, or all preach with the gown. The former plan seems to have been almost wholly or entirely adopted. Some of the people who dread all innovations, and regard every change with alarm, have rushed into print and asked the why and wherefore of this. It is not anticipated that any great injury will follow, but we may see "how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

As I shall not trouble you with any more lucubrations until 1877, allow me to wish you and your readers a Happy New Year!

ONTARIO.
Dec. 8, 1876.

A WORD TO FOOLISH YOUNG MEN.

BY HOWARD.

At some of our higher schools and colleges, at most of them we might say, there is a class of young men who spend their leisure in having a "good time." This good time is very apt to mean a grand supper about once a week, "with plenty of wine the courses between." In this way no little money is expended, much valuable time is wasted, and vital force is thrown away. Were there no other results to these midnight orgies, these alone are sufficient to put them under ban. But, besides these, and beyond the moral loss that must needs attend such demonstrations, is another loss that is overwhelming. The fact is, there is coming from school and college, recruit after recruit to the army of drunkards; and the devil has no more active agents than these same young men who, under the guise of fun, are annually enlisting hundreds of their most brilliant companions in his service. It is painful enough to see any young man on the down grade, but when that young man is talented, influential, and has a bright future opening before him, it is doubly sad. Listen to a story that I heard to-day, while my whole head grew sick and my heart faint at its recital.

A young man, wealthy, handsome, and from one of the best families in the United States, entered a New England college at fifteen. At the end of two years he was at the head of his class, and the most promising young man connected with the college. Society offered him its choicest places, and young ladies vied with one another to please him. But he liked fun. He sought companions with the same liking. They ran through the usual course, coming at last to that foolish conclusion that a good time was but another name for a grand drunk. He got on so fast that in his third year he was expelled. The faculty took this step with unfeigned reluctance, for they saw in him another Bryant or Longfellow. Unfortunately, in leaving college, he could not leave behind him his taste for strong drink. He had no difficulty in obtaining good positions, through his family connections, but at the end of each one was a spree, and then a discharge. Feeling himself unable to control an appetite which was his master, he enlisted as a common sailor in the navy. During the three years' cruise many articles from his ready pen appeared in Appleton's and Scribner's monthlies, and no article of his was ever declined by publishers of first-class periodicals. After three years on board a man-of-war, he returned to his home, and was again placed in good positions. But the old habit was too strong for him, and after struggling with it a whole year, during which he had delirium tremens three times, he drifted to a seaport town one day, while on a spree, and re-enlisted, shortly after, for another cruise.

Now, there will be those who, on reading this article, will say the young man was foolish; but could they look in his clear blue eye, and see his fine, open face, they would say, as I do, that he was bound in chains of his own forging. When a habit for strong drink is once acquired, not only does a single glass arouse a demon whose sway is absolute, but in many cases the very smell of intoxicating liquors has the same effect. Indeed, I have been assured by victims to this monster, that the words ale and beer frequently unnerve them, and they are led powerless to that which they hate and curse.

Young men who go to college for an education do more than betray their trust when they organize themselves into a band to serve the devil by drinking wine for fun; they consign ten per cent. of their own associates to disgrace, ruin and death. Every young man should remember that, besides being his own master, he is his brother's keeper.

Our Book Table.

BATTLES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, 1775-1781; Historical and Military Criticism, with Topographical Illustrations, by Henry Carrington, M. A., LL. D. Royal 8vo, 712 pp. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. For sale in Boston by Nichols & Hall. Price \$6.00. This very handsomely published and substantial volume is a carefully prepared military review and history of the Revolutionary war. It opens with the battle of Lexington, and closes with the surrender of Yorktown. Col. Carrington, of the U. S. Army, is professor of military science in Wash. College, and brings a well-trained mind to his work. He has ample historical material for his record, but his work becomes more difficult in the description of the order and fortunes of the various battles, and in according proper honor to the heroes of them. The book will be, doubtless, a text-book in military schools, but it is equally interesting to the general reader. Col. Carrington gives to Gen. Prescott the immediate command at Bunker Hill. Gen. Putnam, in his opinion, has the general charge of ordering up reinforcements, and fortifying the heights in the rear to cover an expected retreat. The volume is peculiarly interesting, and gives one of the freshest and most graphic pictures of the Revolutionary period.

THE CENTENNIAL GAZETTEER OF THE UNITED STATES: A Geographical and Statistical Encyclopedia. By A. Von Steinwehr, A. M. Philadelphia: J. C. McCardy & Co. 8vo, 1016 pp. This gazetteer is the first that has been compiled since the war. The author has been able to avail himself of the latest national statistics, gathered in the last census—one of the most reliable ever taken in the country, through the efficient superintendence of Prof. Francis A. Walker. Every department of this manual, so indispensable to business men, seems to have been carefully edited and brought down to the latest dates. The statistics of the country and of the several States are given quite fully, as well as those of the cities and larger towns. All the post-offices of the United States, up to within a short period, are presented in their alphabetical order. The volume will take its place on the shelf with

the necessary books of reference, in all considerable libraries, as well as upon the desks of men of business.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF MRS. FRANCES PALMER. By Rev. Richard Wheatley, Sec. 326 pp. New York: W. C. Palmer, 1876. This interesting and instructive volume could have been profitably condensed into a duodecimo, and would thus have enjoyed a wider circulation throughout the Church. The character of its construction, also, is open to criticism, as it is arranged in topics and not chronologically; and the different periods in this devoted lady's life and experience are sometimes singularly, if not confusingly, mingled together. The author does well to permit his subject to speak for herself, as she was abundantly able to do, and has done, in her voluminous and valuable writings; but he might have added those who have not had a personal acquaintance with the events referred to, by giving a few more details. For instance, significant allusion is made to Mrs. Palmer's controversy with Rev. H. Mattison—a very grievous passage in the life of this excellent woman. If the author had stated clearly its points—the criticisms of Mr. Mattison, and the nature of the answer in the *Quarterly*, of Col. Perry—it would have been both instructive and interesting to readers who were not familiar with the discussion when it occurred. But this volume will be a family book. The thousands of friends in this country and England, who learned to esteem and love its subject, will prize all the selections from her diary and abundant correspondence. Her picture, taken as we have seen her stand at the Tuesday meetings in her home, and forming the frontispiece of the volume, will almost seem to speak; and her familiar sentiments, all through its pages, will have her freshly back again into the presence of her friends once more. Being dead, she yet speaketh.

H. O. Houghton & Co., publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, have issued a volume, for which every professional man will thank them—an INDEX to their periodical, from the commencement in 1867 to the present time. It is a work of no little labor, but of immense usefulness. Every established periodical, at no too distant intervals, should provide such a volume for the reading public. This important work remains to be done for our *Quarterly*. The present volume is an epitome of one hundred and six pages, interleaved with blanks for additions. Price \$2.00, in muslin.

IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH: Sermons on Practical Subjects. By F. W. Farrar, D. D., F. R. S., late Master of Marlborough College. 12mo. Price \$2.00. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. These sermons (thirty-nine of them) were preached, many of them, on the occasions of the Established Church festivals and fasts, in the presence of an audience of young men. They are eminently practical, treating upon the great principles of spiritual life and Christian conduct, and warning against the common moral perils of the youth. The reader is often reminded of the *Rugby Sermons*, rather, indeed, by contrast than similarity. Dr. Farrar's are much warmer, more rhetorical and crowded with illustration, than the chaste and impressive sermons of Dr. Arnold. But these are more attractive to average youthful readers; they are fresh, animated, and very persuasive. The volume will be a most wholesome gift from a Christian parent to a youth at school, and it is one that would be likely to be read, especially on the Sabbath.

About the cutest and handsomest gift for the little ones is published by D. Lothrop & Co., and is named, CLASSICS OF BABY LAND. Versified by Clara Doty Bates. In new and taking forms, Cinderella, Little Red Riding Hood, Jack and the Bean-Stalk are recited for the delectation of babyhood. The illustrations are fairly overcoarse. This is a book certainly to be bought for the young.

The same publishers issue a beautiful edition of THE STILL HOUR, or COMMUNION with God, by Austin Phelps, D. D., of Andover. No sweeter, or more profitable, human book of devotion for hours of meditation can be found. It grows better with age. Price \$1.

THE BARTON EXPERIMENT. By the author of Helen's Babies. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. This is the best temperance story we have read for a long time. It is just adapted to the work of the hour. Our brethren who are working among the reformed men, ought to circulate it as a tract through the community. It shows what is to be done by those who are not tempted, and by the Christian Church, to aid those that are fighting with their appetites. It is a capital book.

D. Lothrop & Co. publish a nice Christmas story, of the days of the Huguenots, entitled TORY AND MENDEL, by the author of A Christmas—Mr. W. M. F. Round. It is a touching tale of Roman Catholic bigotry and cruelty and the kindly providence of God.

MAYBE'S STEPPING STONES, built of the Golden Texts, by Archie Fell. Boston: Henry Holt, 16mo. 347 pp. In a simple and very well told family story, all the golden texts for the ensuing year, in the International Lessons, are illustrated. It is a very happy device, and will afford admirable material for the infant classes.

STONEBRIDGE: Etchings from the Sketch Book of a Country Pastor, by Rev. Charles A. Smith, D. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 16mo, 190 pp. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is an entertaining little volume, containing some fifteen scenes from life, well and humorously told, by a country pastor. They sometimes remind us of Dr. Trafton, but hardly come up to the standard of his best; but the volume is both entertaining and instructive.

James R. Osgood & Co. issue a very handsome quarto form the three late CENTENNIAL POEMS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL—The Ode read at Concord last April, Under the Old Elm (Cambridge), and the last Fourth of July Ode. The beautiful volume is entitled, THREE MEMORIAL POEMS.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE MASTER, by Harriet Beecher Stowe. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 12mo, 308 pp. A. Williams & Co., Boston. This is every way a beautiful book. The publishers send it out in an excellent taste, and in a most attractive manner.

THE CENTENNIAL GAZETTEER OF THE UNITED STATES: A Geographical and Statistical Encyclopedia. By A. Von Steinwehr, A. M. Philadelphia: J. C. McCardy & Co. 8vo, 1016 pp. This gazetteer is the first that has been compiled since the war. The author has been able to avail himself of the latest national statistics, gathered in the last census—one of the most reliable ever taken in the country, through the efficient superintendence of Prof. Francis A. Walker. Every department of this manual, so indispensable to business men, seems to have been carefully edited and brought down to the latest dates. The statistics of the country and of the several States are given quite fully, as well as those of the cities and larger towns. All the post-offices of the United States, up to within a short period, are presented in their alphabetical order. The volume will take its place on the shelf with

the necessary books of reference, in all considerable libraries, as well as upon the desks of men of business.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF MRS. FRANCES PALMER. By Rev. Richard Wheatley, Sec. 326 pp. New York: W. C. Palmer, 1876. This interesting and instructive volume could have been profitably condensed into a duodecimo, and would thus have enjoyed a wider circulation throughout the Church. The character of its construction, also, is open to criticism, as it is arranged in topics and not chronologically; and the different periods in this devoted lady's life and experience are sometimes singularly, if not confusingly, mingled together. The author does well to permit his subject to speak for herself, as she was abundantly able to do, and has done, in her voluminous and valuable writings; but he might have added those who have not had a personal acquaintance with the events referred to, by giving a few more details. For instance, significant allusion is made to Mrs. Palmer's controversy with Rev. H. Mattison—a very grievous passage in the life of this excellent woman. If the author had stated clearly its points—the criticisms of Mr. Mattison, and the nature of the answer in the *Quarterly*, of Col. Perry—it would have been both instructive and interesting to readers who were not familiar with the discussion when it occurred. But this volume will be a family book. The thousands of friends in this country and England, who learned to esteem and love its subject, will prize all the selections from her diary and abundant correspondence. Her picture, taken as we have seen her stand at the Tuesday meetings in her home, and forming the frontispiece of the volume, will almost seem to speak; and her familiar sentiments, all through its pages, will have her freshly back again into the presence of her friends once more. Being dead, she yet speaketh.

H. O. Houghton & Co., publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, have issued a volume, for which every professional man will thank them—an INDEX to their periodical, from the commencement in 1867 to the present time. It is a work of no little labor, but of immense usefulness. Every established periodical, at no too distant intervals, should provide such a volume for the reading public. This important work remains to be done for our *Quarterly*. The present volume is an epitome of one hundred and six pages, interleaved with blanks for additions. Price \$2.00, in muslin.

IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH: Sermons on Practical Subjects. By F. W. Farrar, D. D., F. R. S., late Master of Marlborough College. 12mo. Price \$2.00. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. These sermons (thirty-nine of them) were preached, many of them, on the occasions of the Established Church festivals and fasts, in the presence of an audience of young men. They are eminently practical, treating upon the great principles of spiritual life and Christian conduct, and warning against the common moral perils of the youth. The reader is often reminded of the *Rugby Sermons*, rather, indeed, by contrast than similarity. Dr. Farrar's are much warmer, more rhetorical and crowded with illustration, than the chaste and impressive sermons of Dr. Arnold. But these are more attractive to average youthful readers; they are fresh, animated, and very persuasive. The volume will be a most wholesome gift from a Christian parent to a youth at school, and it is one that would be likely to be read, especially on the Sabbath.

About the cutest and handsomest gift for the little ones is published by D. Lothrop & Co., and is named, CLASSICS

The Christian World.

THE ITINERANCY IN SOUTH INDIA.

"Circuit," "circuit rider," "plan of the circuit,"—these terms were more familiar to the Methodists of fifty years ago than they are to those of to-day. Charles Wesley, on the circuit system, vibrated between London and Bristol; John Wesley, ever on the move, said he could not preach one year to the same congregation, without "putting both them and himself to sleep." Bishop Scott has, we believe, expressed the wish, that there were not a "station" in the connection. An itinerant in a station presents somewhat of a confusion of ideas. All this affords food for reflection on the use and abuse of that comparatively modern institution of Methodism—the station.

These thoughts have been suggested from the fact that there lies before us the printed "plan," for the current year, of the Madras circuit of the South India Conference. It is gotten up after the method of the "plans" so constantly in use among our Wesleyan brethren in England. In the number of its laborers and appointments for public preaching, and its numerous meetings for religious, educational, charitable and other purposes, the plan bespeaks the presence of that vigorous type of denominational life, which has been characterized as "Christianity in earnest." Its elaborateness of detail indicates careful thought. There are given the names of thirty-nine laborers, including two pastors (Rev. C. P. Hard and F. G. Davis), five local preachers and thirty-two exhorters. These are exclusive of Rev. E. G. Andrews, D. D., whose name heads the list as Presiding Bishop, and Rev. W. Taylor, who is "Conference evangelist."

Besides the arrangements for the usual Church services, provision is made for Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Association meetings, Dorcas and tract society meetings, and "meetings for address and prayer on the Madras railway." The whole scheme represents the thus-far outcome of that wonderful work of God carried on in South India (chiefly among Europeans living in India and their descendants) under Rev. W. Taylor. The work is self-supporting.

SOUTH INDIA CONFERENCE.

From the Bombay Guardian, Nov. 18, we extract the following interesting account of services connected with the late session of the South India Conference:—

"Evangelistic services were conducted throughout last week by Dr. Thoburn, in the hall of the Framji Cowasjee Institute, which was filled night after night with most attentive audiences. About thirty persons made themselves known as seekers of salvation, and were instructed and prayed with, and most, if not all of them, professed to have found peace and joy in believing. Dr. T. preached in St. Andrew's church on Sunday evening, and in Falkland Road Hall Monday evening and Tuesday morning, leaving for Calcutta on the day last mentioned. Bishop Andrews preached on the Lord's day evening in the Framji Cowasjee Hall, on Tuesday in the Baptist church, and on Wednesday in St. Andrews."

"A profound impression was made by these discourses. We have seldom heard so gifted a preacher. All that came in contact with Bishop Andrews were delighted with his loving spirit, simplicity and earnestness, combined with great mental power and excellent sense. On Lord's day morning in Falkland Road Hall, after a sermon by the Rev. Jas. Shaw, the Bishop ordained Mr. T. H. Oakes, and Mr. W. Curries as deacons, and in the evening at Framji Cowasjee Hall, he ordained the following persons, elders: C. W. Christian, G. K. Gilder, T. H. Oakes, and W. Curries. Rev. Messrs. Thoburn, Mansell, Parker, Wheeler, Cunningham, Hard and Bowen took part in the imposition of hands. The South India Conference of the M. E. Church commenced its sessions Thursday, Nov. 9, and continued them day by day till Tuesday, 14. Members of Conference were Messrs. Thoburn, Hard, Bowen, Goodwin, Robbins, Blackstock, Nichols, Osborne, Gladwin, Fox, Davis, Shaw, Newton, Christian, Gilder, Lee, Mookerjee, Robinson, Oakes, Curries, Janney, Row, Peters, Messrs. Mansell, Parker, Cunningham and Wheeler, of the North India Conference, were present, and participated in the discussions."

"The meetings were open to the public, and many attended from day to day. The Minutes will shortly be published. To those who took part in this Conference it was an august and memorable occasion, and their hearts were much drawn out in thankfulness, in view of what God has wrought."

SOUTH INDIA CONFERENCE APPOINTMENTS.
BOMBAY DISTRICT, GEO. BOWEN, P. E. Bombay.
Conference Evangelist—Wm. Taylor.
Bombay—George Bowen, I. F. Row; one to be supplied.
Poona—John Blackstock.
Tanna—W. E. Robinson.
Egapatpoora—To be supplied.
Mhow—M. H. Nichols.
Nagpoor—W. J. Gladwin.
Karrachee—D. O. Fox.

CALCUTTA DISTRICT, J. M. THOBURN, P. E. Calcutta.
Calcutta—J. M. Thoburn, F. A. Goodwin.
Seamen's Church, T. H. Oakes.
Darjeeling—To be supplied.
Raj, Mahal—P. M. Mukerjee.
Allahabad—Dennis Osborne, L. R. Janney.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Ex-President Woolsey takes part in Sunday-school normal class work in New Haven.

Rev. Dr. Phillip Schaff, of Union Theological Seminary, goes on a visit to Palestine and the East.

Rev. B. F. Watson, colored Methodist, is chaplain of the Colorado State Senate. There are no colored members in either branch of the Legislature.

Rev. Gideon Shepard, of the M. E. Church of Canada, died in Forestville, N. Y., recently. He was editor of the Canada Christian Advocate for several years.

A new Methodist church in Stockholm, Sweden, erected by the self-denial of its members, many of whom denied themselves new coats and new gowns for the purpose, was dedicated by Bishop Andrews in October, and is already too strait for the crowds who come to hear the Gospel.

Yale College chapel has received the two memorial windows needed to make it complete, those to Jonathan Edwards and Bishop Berkeley.

Two Englishmen have subscribed \$125,000 towards the new mission and educational fund which the recently united English Presbyterians are raising.

There were sold at the Bible pavilion at the Centennial, erected by the Pennsylvania Bible Society, 3,334 Bibles, 4,849 Testaments, and 13,332 portions of the Bible in forty-five different languages.

The British Bible Revision Committee loses one of its ablest members, in the death of Dr. Duncan Warr, Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Glasgow. His place on the Old Testament committee cannot be readily filled.

The Indianapolis Y. M. C. A. has notified the theatres and opera-houses that henceforth they must keep closed on Sunday as the law directs. That "must" means must.

A Baptist missionary in Assam suggests the employment of an elephant as an auxiliary to his missionary labors, and as an economic measure. An elephant subscription list is suggested for our Baptist Sunday-schools.

Dean Stanley has again shown his liberality by inviting Rev. Dr. Duff, the veteran missionary and Free Church minister, to deliver the annual missionary sermon in Westminster Abbey.

Some of the young men of the Pearl Street Congregational Church, Hartford (Rev. W. L. Gage, pastor), are determined that young men coming to Hartford on business shall not have reason to complain of lack of Church hospitality, and they accordingly issue notes of invitation to all hotel strangers to come to their church. In addition they give a list and location of the churches near the hotels.

Woman in the Presbyterian pulpit again, and another case of discipline for Presbytery. Rev. Dr. Craven, of Newark, N. J., has entered a complaint against Rev. I. M. See of the Wickliffe Street Presbyterian Church for allowing Mrs. Robinson, of Indiana, and Mrs. C. S. Whitney, of Hartford, to occupy his pulpit recently. The time for this was appointed for December 20, in the Second Presbyterian Church at Newark. Dr. Craven says he makes his charge with regret, but that in his opinion the time has arrived for a judicial settlement of the matter.

"Without fear or favor" would seem to be the rule at the British Museum, where the Archbishop of Canterbury recently was not allowed to enter the reading-room, as he had forgotten to bring his pass.

A copy of the edition of the Bible printed by Gutenberg, at Mayence, between 1450 and 1456, recently discovered in the vestry of a church in Saxony, has been purchased by an English collector for £450. It is printed partly on paper, and partly on parchment.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.
The Evangelical Alliance has issued the following programme for the Week of Prayer, January 7-14, 1877:

Sunday, Jan. 7—Sermons: Christian fellowship. 1 John i, 7.

Monday, Jan. 8—Thanksgiving and confession, in the review of the past year.

Tuesday, Jan. 9—Prayer: For the Holy Spirit on the Universal Church, Joel ii, 28, for its deliverance from error and corruption, and its increase of faith, activity, holiness and Christian charity.

Wednesday, Jan. 10—Prayer for families; for the unconverted; for sons and daughters at school and college, and for those abroad; for any in sickness, trouble, or temptation; and for those who have been recently "added to the Church."

Thursday, Jan. 11—Prayer for nations; for rulers, magistrates and statesmen; for philanthropic and benevolent institutions; for a pure literature, the spread of sound education among the people, and the maintenance of peace.

Friday, Jan. 12—Prayer for Christian missions to the Jews and Gentiles,

Luke xxiv, 47; for Sunday-schools; and for the conversion of the world to Christ.

Saturday, Jan. 13—Prayer for the observance of the Christian Sabbath; for the promotion of temperance; and for the safety of those "who go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters."

Sunday, Jan. 14—Sermons: One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all. Ephes. iv, 5, 6.

Sound travels at the rate of about thirteen miles in a minute, or 1,125 feet in a second of time. Light would go 480 times round the world, while sound was going a distance of thirteen miles!

Over three hundred trees and more than eight hundred woody species of plants are believed to be embraced in the flora of the United States, and of the trees 250 species are tolerably abundant in one region or another, 120 of them growing to a large size.

There are 5,000 well-known species of birds, and about the same number of fishes. Agassiz estimated the number of vertebrate animals at 20,000. There have been about 70,000 different insects collected and classified in various museums; of reptiles, about 1,500 species.

We can easily write a trillion thus: 1,000,000,000,000, that is, a million of millions; but if a person were able to count at the rate of 200 in a minute, and to work without intermission twelve hours in a day, he would require to count a trillion 6,944,444 days, or 19,325 years, 319 days.

Dr. Schliemann continues to make new discoveries. In the tomb recently opened at Mycenae he found a large golden mask and an enormous breast-plate of gold. He also found the body of a man, wonderfully preserved, especially the face. The head was round, the eyes large, and the mouth contained thirty-two fine teeth. There is, however, a difficulty about preserving the remains. There were also found fifteen bronze swords, with great golden hilts; a mass of immense golden buttons, splendidly engraved, ornamented the sheaths of the swords. Also, two great golden goblets and a great quantity of other objects in gold, articles in earthenware, a carved wooden box, several articles in chased crystal, ten large cooking utensils of bronze, but no traces of anything in iron or glass.

TEMPERANCE.

MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

BY REV. H. W. CONANT.

Is it possible that Christianity has no effective remedy for the world's greatest preventable curse?

Most that power which, in the centuries past, has conquered kingdoms, overthrown tyrannies, changed the fate of nations, destroyed that slavery which bound millions of human bodies in fetters and chains, sit down before the evil of intemperance in hopeless defeat?

Is the Gospel of Christ the power of God to deliver a human soul, only? Has it no might to break the chains that bind society to this Juggernaut? This insupportable burthen, beneath which thousands of Christian families groan, and under which even the nation reels? Is Christ to be robbed of the jewels that He purchased with His blood, by this destroyer of millions, and His Church continue to look on with comparative indifference? Will the opening of church doors on the Sabbath and a few times during the week, the performance of usual religious services in the family and the Church, destroy this monster crime of the ages? As soon will the boy and his diver deliver Niagara's cataract of its volume and power. The whole enginery of moral and religious power must be brought to bear directly upon the stronghold of this iniquity; backed by the prayer room and the pulpit, and energized by the faith of Jesus and the spirit of God.

Ordinary warfare will make no impression upon this mail-clad diabolus; the lance and spear have failed to penetrate to his vitals. A sad spectacle presents itself, when, in the face of the Church of Jesus, this Philistine defies the armies of the living God, and triumphantly enters family, altar and pulpit, to grasp and destroy the fairest and best. Must this humiliation continue? Is there no hope?

To you, reader, we look for an answer. Will you take the field for Jesus against this foe? Remember that the "battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift," but to those, however weak, who go forth in the name of the Lord Jehovah. Surely there must be a David, somewhere, who shall lead God's hosts to victory. Young man, young woman, up! gird you! and with whatever instrument you may be skilled, hurl it against this foe of God and man!

Christianity is the only vital force that claims any power to overthrow this evil. Can it do it? Will it do it? Jesus waits the answer, "from henceforth expecting until His enemies be made His footstool." A heathen world looks for the answer; and upon that answer depends the extension of Christ's kingdom! Now, every State in the American Union (excepting three—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont) lies powerless in the hands of this "gigantic crime of crimes." Now, "upon the side of the oppressor there is power," but does not the time hasten when He will "judge the fatherless and the oppressed?"

When wealth and power have had their hour—Come for the weak the hour of God."

THE ARLINGTON.



Chilson's Entirely New and Greatly Improved Portable Range. 1875-6.

This splendid Range should be seen by every housekeeper in want of the BEST RANGE EVER MADE. It has been got up in the highest style of my well-known FIRST-CLASS WORK. Its bold, rich, substantial and beautiful appearance is a model of beauty, and will at once command itself to all that behold it. It has all the NEW AND USEFUL IMPROVEMENTS, including CHILSON'S ANTI-CLINKER GRATE, the best plan ever devised for removing clinkers and keeping a steady fire. The BROILING DOOR and MEAT PAN SHELF will be appreciated by all desiring nice broiling. It has CHILSON'S PATENT WATER FRONT for Bath, Boilers when desirable. The SIFTING GRATE moves on rollers and dumps. The ILLUMINATING DOOR, Nickel-plated Trimmings, and Towel Dryer, are all that can be desired. There are no rough, sharp corners or ground edges for rust, dirt and grease to lodge on, to keep women scrubbing, but a clean, beautiful, smooth surface.

Special attention is directed to my new and very superior WROUGHT-IRON FURNACE, THE CENTENNIAL, 1876.

Showing the greatest improvements (including my ANTI-CLINKER GRATE) ever made in Wrought-Iron Furnaces; and I would invite special attention to the new and important improvements (including my ANTI-CLINKER GRATE) to

MY WELL-KNOWN STANDARD CONE FURNACE, Which cannot fail to please all, and will make this Furnace still more desirable than ever before; and the ARLINGTON BRICK SET RANGE should be seen by all in want of the best Range ever set in Brickwork; also the ARLINGTON COOKING STOVE and the ARLINGTON PARLOR STOVE, still the leading Stoves.

Nothing but what is strictly FIRST-CLASS WORK is manufactured by me. For Sale, Wholesale and Retail, by the Inventor and Manufacturer, at the LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

GARDNER CHILSON, Nos. 99 and 101 Blackstone Street, Boston, OR AT HIS FOUNDRY, AT MANSFIELD, MASS.

Special attention given to putting up Furnaces and Ranges in any part of the country.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Jan. 2, 1877.

Flour—Superfine, \$4.50 @ 4.75; extra, \$5.00 @ 5.25; Michigan, \$5.25 @ 5.50; St. Louis, \$6.00 @ 6.25; Southern Flour, \$6.50 @ 7.00.

Corn—Mixed and Yellow, 54 @ 55c bush.

Oats—45 @ 56c bush.

Rye—85 @ 90c bush.

Shorts—\$10.00 @ 30.00 ton.

Five Feed—\$2.00 @ 2.25 100 lbs.

Seed—Timothy Herd Grass, \$2.00 @ 2.25 bush.

Red Top, \$3.25 @ 3.50 per box; R. I. Bent, \$3.00 @ 3.25 bush; Clover, 12 @ 15c per lb.

APPLES—\$11.00 @ 12.00 for mess and extra mess, 10 @ 11c bush.

PEARS—\$10.00 @ 12.00 for family.

POKES—\$15.00 @ 16.00; Land, 10 @ 11c; Hams, 11 @ 12c.

BEANS—Extra Pea, \$2.75 @ 3.12; medium, \$2.40 @ 2.50 bush.

POULTRY—15 @ 17c per lb.

CHICKENS—20c @ 25c per lb.

EGGS—15c @ 16c per peck.

CARROTS—25c per peck.

CABBAGE—4 @ 8c each.

MARROW SQUASH—1 @ 10c.

DRY APPLES—6 @ 7c bush.

ONIONS—\$2.25 bush.

SWEET POTATOS—\$0.20 @ 4.00 per bbl.

REMARKS.—There is a steady demand for all kinds of Flour, and desirable brands of family are full 25 @ 50c higher than current rates at the beginning of winter. Butter is unsteady. Eggs are firm. No change in Apples and Cranberries, and the demand is light.

IMMENSE REDUCTION IN Lace Curtains!

Entire Stock Selling at Cost. We offer for two weeks our full line of Curtains at the following reductions:

LACE CURTAINS at \$22 reduced to \$25
\$28 " " \$32
\$32 " " \$38
\$36 " " \$42
\$42 " " \$48
\$48 " " \$54
\$54 " " \$60
\$60 " " \$66
\$66 " " \$72
\$72 " " \$78
\$78 " " \$84
\$84 " " \$90
\$90 " " \$96
\$96 " " \$102
\$102 " " \$108
\$108 " " \$114
\$114 " " \$120
\$120 " " \$126
\$126 " " \$132
\$132 " " \$138
\$138 " " \$144
\$144 " " \$150
\$150 " " \$156
\$156 " " \$162
\$162 " " \$168
\$168 " " \$174
\$174 " " \$180
\$180 " " \$186
\$186 " " \$192
\$192 " " \$198
\$198 " " \$204
\$204 " " \$210
\$210 " " \$216
\$216 " " \$222
\$222 " " \$228
\$228 " " \$234
\$234 " " \$240
\$240 " " \$246
\$246 " " \$252
\$252 " " \$258
\$258 " " \$264
\$264 " " \$270
\$270 " " \$276
\$276 " " \$282
\$282 " " \$288
\$288 " " \$294
\$294 " " \$300
\$300 " " \$306
\$306 " " \$312
\$312 " " \$318
\$318 " " \$324
\$324 " " \$330
\$330 " " \$336
\$336 " " \$342
\$342 " " \$348
\$348 " " \$354
\$354 " " \$360
\$360 " " \$366
\$366 " " \$372
\$372 " " \$378
\$378 " " \$384
\$384 " " \$390
\$390 " " \$396
\$396 " " \$402
\$402 " " \$408
\$408 " " \$414
\$414 " " \$420
\$420 " " \$426
\$426 " " \$432
\$432 " " \$438
\$438 " " \$444
\$444 " " \$450
\$450 " " \$456
\$456 " " \$462
\$462 " " \$468
\$468 " " \$474
\$474 " " \$480
\$480 " " \$486
\$486 " " \$492
\$492 " " \$498
\$498 " " \$504
\$504 " " \$510
\$510 " " \$516
\$516 " " \$522
\$522 " " \$528
\$528 " " \$534
\$534 " " \$540
\$540 " " \$546
\$546 " " \$552
\$552 " " \$558
\$558 " " \$564
\$564 " " \$570
\$570 " " \$576
\$576 " " \$582
\$582 " " \$588
\$588 " " \$594
\$594 " " \$600
\$600 " " \$606
\$606 " " \$612
\$612 " " \$618
\$618 " " \$624
\$624 " " \$630
\$630 " " \$636
\$636 " " \$642
\$642 " " \$648
\$648 " " \$654
\$654 " " \$660
\$660 " " \$666
\$666 " " \$672
\$672 " " \$678
\$678 " " \$684
\$684 " " \$690
\$690 " " \$696
\$696 " " \$702
\$702 " " \$708
\$708 " " \$714
\$714 " " \$720
\$720 " " \$726
\$726 " " \$732
\$732 " " \$738
\$738 " " \$744
\$744 " " \$750
\$750 " " \$756
\$756 " " \$762
\$762 " " \$768
\$768 " " \$774
\$774 " " \$780
\$780 " " \$786
\$786 " " \$792
\$792 " " \$798
\$798 " " \$804
\$804 " " \$810
\$810 " " \$816
\$816 " " \$822
\$822 " " \$828
\$828 " " \$834
\$834 " " \$840
\$840 " " \$846
\$846 " " \$852
\$852 " " \$858
\$858 " " \$864
\$864 " " \$870
\$870 " " \$876
\$876 " " \$882
\$882 " " \$888
\$888 " " \$894
\$894 " " \$900
\$900 " " \$906
\$906 " " \$912
\$912 " " \$918
\$918 " " \$924
\$924 " " \$930
\$930 " " \$936
\$936 " " \$942
\$942 " " \$948
\$948 " " \$954
\$954 " " \$960
\$960 " " \$966
\$966 " " \$972
\$972 " " \$978
\$978 " " \$984
\$984 " " \$990
\$990 " " \$996
\$996 " " \$1002
\$1002 " " \$1008
\$1008 " " \$1014
\$1014 " " \$1020
\$1020 " " \$1026
\$1026 " " \$1032
\$1032 " " \$1038
\$1038 " " \$1044
\$1044 " " \$1050
\$1050 " " \$1056
\$1056 " " \$1062
\$1062 " " \$1068
\$1068 " " \$1074
\$1074 " " \$1080
\$1080 " " \$1086
\$1086 " " \$1092
\$1092 " " \$1098
\$1098 " " \$1104
\$1104 " " \$1110
\$1110 " " \$1116
\$1116 " " \$1122
\$1122 " " \$1128
\$1128 " " \$1134
\$1134 " " \$1140
\$1140 " " \$1146
\$1146 " " \$1152
\$1152 " " \$1158
\$1158 " " \$1164
\$1164 " " \$1170
\$1170 " " \$1176
\$1176 " " \$1182
\$1182 " " \$1188
\$1188 " " \$1194
\$1194 " " \$1200
\$1200 " " \$1206
\$1206 " " \$1212
\$1212 " " \$1218
\$1218 " " \$1224
\$1224 " " \$1230
\$1230 " " \$1236
\$1236 " " \$1242
\$1242 " " \$1248
\$1248 " " \$1254
\$1254 " " \$1260
\$1260 " " \$1266
\$1266 " " \$1272
\$1272 " " \$1278
\$1278 " " \$1284
\$1284 " " \$1290
\$1290 " " \$1296
\$1296 " " \$1302
\$1302 " " \$1308
\$1308 " " \$1314
\$1314 " " \$1320
\$1320 " " \$1326
\$1326 " " \$1332
\$1332 " " \$1338
\$1338 " " \$1344
\$1344 " " \$1350
\$1350 " " \$1356
\$1356 " " \$1362
\$1362 " " \$1368
\$1368 " " \$1374
\$1374 " " \$1380
\$1380 " " \$1386
\$1386 " " \$1392
\$1392 " " \$1398
\$1398 " " \$1404
\$1404 " " \$1410
\$1410 " " \$1416
\$1416 " " \$1422
\$1422 " " \$1428
\$1428 " " \$1434
\$1434 " " \$1440
\$1440 " " \$1446
\$1446 " " \$1452
\$1452 " " \$1458
\$1458 " " \$1464
\$1464 " " \$1470
\$1470 " " \$1476
\$1476 " " \$1482
\$1482 " " \$1488
\$1488 " " \$1494
\$1494 " " \$1500
\$1500 " " \$1506
\$1506 " " \$1512
\$1512 " " \$1518
\$1518 " " \$1524
\$1524 " " \$1530
\$1530 " " \$1536
\$1536 " " \$1542
\$1542 " " \$1548
\$1548 " " \$1554
\$1554 " " \$1560
\$1560 " " \$1566
\$1566 " " \$1572
\$1572 " " \$1578
\$1578 " " \$1584
\$1584 " " \$1590
\$1590 " " \$1596
\$1596 " " \$1602
\$1602 " " \$1608
\$1608 " " \$1614
\$1614 " " \$1620
\$1620 " " \$1626
\$1626 " " \$1632
\$1632 " " \$1638
\$1638 " " \$1644
\$1644 " " \$1650
\$1650 " " \$1656
\$1656 " " \$1662
\$1662 " " \$1668
\$1668 " " \$1674
\$1674 " " \$1680
\$1680 " " \$1686
\$1686 " " \$1692
\$1692 " " \$1698
\$1698 " " \$1704
\$1704 " " \$1710
\$1710 " " \$1716
\$1716 " " \$1722
\$1722 " " \$1728
\$1728 " " \$1734
\$1734 " " \$1740
\$1740 " " \$1746
\$1746 " " \$1752
\$1752 " " \$1758
\$1758 " " \$1764
\$1764 " " \$1770
\$1770 " " \$1776
\$1776 " " \$1782
\$1782 " " \$1788
\$1788 " " \$1794
\$1794 " " \$1800
\$1800 " " \$1806
\$1806 " " \$1812
\$1812 " " \$1818
\$1818 " " \$1824
\$1824 " " \$1830
\$1830 " " \$1836
\$1836 " " \$1842
\$1842 " " \$1848
\$1848 " " \$1854
\$1854 " " \$1860
\$1860 " " \$1866
\$1866 " " \$1872
\$1872 " " \$1878
\$1878 " " \$1884
\$1884 " " \$1890
\$1890 " " \$1896
\$1896 " " \$1902
\$1902 " " \$1908
\$1908 " " \$1914
\$1914 " " \$1920
\$1920 " " \$1926
\$1926 " " \$1932
\$1932 " " \$1938
\$1938 " " \$1944
\$1944 " " \$1950
\$1950 " " \$1956
\$1956 " " \$1962
\$1962 " " \$1968
\$1968 " " \$1974
\$1974 " " \$1980
\$1980 " " \$1986
\$1986 " " \$1992
\$1992 " " \$1998
\$1998 " " \$2004
\$2004 " " \$2010
\$2010 " " \$2016
\$2016 " " \$2022
\$2022 " " \$2028
\$2028 " " \$2034
\$2034 " " \$2040
\$2040 " " \$2046
\$2046 " " \$2052
\$20

ZION'S HERALD

The balance of the year,
FREE TO ALL NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

On the receipt of \$2.50 for the paper,
and 20 cts. additional for postage,
it will be marked paid to

JANUARY 1, 1878.

We sincerely hope that the preachers will not delay to call the attention of their congregations to our offer.

Persons wishing to subscribe and finding it inconvenient to pay now, can forward their names at once, that they may have the full benefit of our offer, and send the money between this and January 1.

A. S. WEED, Publisher,
36 Bromfield Street.

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1877.

Enter upon the work of the year with courage and hopefulness. You have God on your side; all the good forces of the universe are ready to minister to you. You have a great and difficult work to do, but you are also armed with important powers. In a right cause you cannot fail.

Courage, then! Play the man, for God and His people! A faint heart is failure to begin with, and is an abomination to the Lord. The "well-beloved" of Caleb outweighs all the "cannots" of the multitude. In a dyspeptic unfaithfulness neither God nor man takes any pleasure.

You are entering on a new and mysterious voyage; you are to sail into strange seas; perils are about you. Do not fail to insure in the office above. No earthly home is entirely safe; the security of the heavenly is ample.

New Year's day is a milestone marking off the past from the future. Our rapid passage by these way-marks reminds us of the lapse of time. The former one was passed but a moment ago; we glide on with railroad speed, and yet are unconscious of the swift passage of our course till we dart past one of these reminders. The ordinary current of life flows so quietly and smoothly as to rouse us only when we shoot a rapid, or pass some landmark on the shore.

As you pass another of these signals, stop and meditate on the shortness of the way ahead. This year will be as the past. Long as it may appear in the distance it will be quickly traversed. The fore-lengthening is deceptive. The year will be but a span, and will so appear at the close. Let the past year be a measure for the ensuing. It will afford you no time to spare, none to run to waste. The sands glide steadily and rapidly from the glass. Be wise to make the most of the moments. When lost they cannot be gathered again, or purchased with much fine gold.

As the old year closes and you enter on the new, you are possibly most impressed with a sense of failure in the past. In the retrospect of the year you see how many mistakes you have made, how often your foot has slipped, how far you have come short of the high aims, of the ideal good of life. Often in the contest, fate seemed to be against you; the soul gravitated to evil; some mysterious influence seemed to sweep your bark to unexpected latitudes and into undesired seas.

The depressing influence of failure has been felt by the best of men—perhaps more by them than by others. As earnestly as they may have struggled, as well as they may have done, the divine standard was above them. They failed because they aimed at what was above fallen nature. But you are not to forget that it is better to fall below a high standard, than to attain one that is low and groveling. The higher your goal, the greater is like to be your sense of failure in pressing towards it.

The best may come short of a divine ideal, but it is the part of a wise man to do so, by past failure. Your errors, shortcomings, delinquencies of the past year may be of great service to you in navigating among the rocks and storms in the further prosecution of the voyage of life. You will never be ruined by a mistake, provided only you are wise to profit by it in the regulation of after-conduct. He is a bold and good man who makes capital of his errors. The chart of life is to be improved by the rocks we have encountered and the shipwrecks we have suffered. Do not fear to examine your past course, or to look square in the face your mistakes; and once taking them into consideration, do not fail to turn them to your future advantage. In this way you may utilize the ill of life, gathering into yourself even the adverse breezes to help you to the haven. No man in any walk of life can be greatly successful who does not learn to make adverse things; no one can fall who knows how to rectify his course by past errors. The error is not so bad as your want of disposition to correct it. Try this year to do better. Forget the things behind; press toward the mark!

The profit you obtain from this year depends much on the way you begin it. A wrong step in the start perpetuates itself. You trip on through the whole journey like a man who makes a misstep on the ice. By such a false step you lose your moral equilibrium, and the future is filled with attempts to readjust the balance. A good beginning is more than half the battle, in the year's work. It gives you command of yourself,

command of your work. It inspires that confidence which is a grand element of success. The soldier beaten in the first battle, becomes demoralized and finds it difficult to regain confidence; but he who begins with a good plan and makes the first engagement a success, goes on from conquering to conquer.

One advantage of the Bible is its lofty ideal of the spiritual life. It gives us a type of the heavenly things, and bids us mount towards this divine ideal. It is quite possible you have not been able to attain its altitude; you will be able fully to realize it only at the end of life. It is a life-plan. Your failure in former attempts need not deter you from fresh efforts.

As you enter on another year, keep before you this pattern of the things in the heavens. It is the true ideal. You were made to rise to it. You may not be able to do so in a moment. The canvas must be retouched again and again till the image of the spiritual stands out in purity and beauty. You have another year for this noble work. *Nulla dies sine linea*—no day without a line.

In entering on this week you are turning the first leaf in a new and mysterious volume. No one but God knows what it contains. You cannot know what joys and sorrows are bound up in it for you. The enclosed fortunes of a human life are to be unfolded to you day by day. The full and immediate revelation might prove intolerable; hence it is toned and moderated and unfolded, as you are able to bear it.

The year may be to you one of great sorrow and darkness; want, disease, death may be before you. On the other hand, it may be one of prosperity, peace and good of all sorts. No one can tell what good and ill are mingled for you, as you little as any. All the hopeful signs which now lead you to take courage, may disappoint; the clouds that now darken your sky may melt into the sunshine of the advancing year. You need not be overmuch cast down; nor should you be overjoyed. Your life is in the hands of another. You should be profoundly grateful that He knows your wants, and is deeply interested to do the best for you. Let your trust be in Him. Take His word as your counselor and as the light to your path. With these aids, and in the discharge of known duty, you will insure all good and avoid the ill, along your future path.

Many persons are anxious to know what is to be their future life. This fact is not difficult to be learned. Our future life will be a mere continuance of the present one.

The whole life on earth has a unity. The various stages of it are intimately connected together, and, in fact, grow out of each other. If we wish to know the man, we must know the boy; for the man is only the boy unfolded, developed, matured. The earlier portion of our being is simply projected on into a later period; the man is the same, under several phases of development.

The future life is the present projected across the border land. On the other side we shall find that we are simply our inevitable selves. Under whatever change of form, our moral nature will go with us. If we have been virtuous and holy on earth, there will be found nothing in death to interrupt the flow of such a life; but, on the other hand, a bad moral condition will not be terminated at the river of death. Of whatever quality is the stream of our moral existence, it will flow on into the ocean of eternity.

In this view of the case we need not be in doubt about our future life. We are making that future, in the conduct of each hour and in each act of life. It is the present that is invested with an infinite interest, for the seeds of the infinite are bound up in the present. We are each day writing in the book of life a word that shall be read out in the judgment, before the universe. If we wish to know what that reading will be, observe what is now being recorded. That is the record which will be unfolded in the last day. Our future life will be but an opening, an interpretation, a bringing out into light, of the now invisible lines of our present existence.

We may not only know what is to be our fate, but we may settle it. If so, we must do it now. We determine our future state. It is determined along by each step in life. We are the judges, daily passing sentence upon ourselves.

Every period of life has its duties and trials. Youth is the training school; mature life enters on the race and assumes the burden of the way; and age finds difficulty in throwing those burdens off.

In some respects, old age is the greatest test of our virtue. A change, of course, is inevitable, and it is a change under many disadvantages. It must leave our physical and social condition worse. The march is down hill; we pass from our prominence to comparative obscurity. We find the world learning to do without us and to forget us, which is anything but a pleasant experience. The battle so long won, must now be lost.

And then, this revolution comes at a period in life when we are least able to endure it, or to adjust ourselves to its new demands. In youth we love change, and in middle life we move unconsciously in the current of improvement. But in old age it is different. Our character has set. We have ceased to advance, and the world travels away from us, leaving us to drop out of the ranks as stragglers for whom society has no more use. These facts awaken in us a sense of our misfortune. The battle moves on, but to our surprise new actors, like specters, appear on the field. It seems beyond all belief that they can have come to supersede those who have so long held the fortunes of the day. It is even so; it is a revelation that sends sadness, disappointment, panic, through the soul.

It is, too, a misfortune that comes not in youth, so elastic as to yield harmlessly, or in the strength of manhood able to battle for position; but it happens to man when his

physical nature begins to yield, when the nerves are shaken, and when the sorrows and changes of life weigh upon and dampen the spirit. Amid the strange upheaval, the whole tide of things has turned against him. It is well, if when heart and flesh fail, God is the strength of our heart and our portion forever.

The dying, awakened to a consciousness of their mistakes, often sigh for a new probation in which the errors of the first one may be corrected. In the retrospect life seems more significant than ever before, and they would gladly retrace their steps. Sad and startling as may be the thought, your path can never be retraced. The journey you make is ever onward into the depths of the great and mysterious future. You can make but one experiment of life. It behooves you to do the best the first time.

In the absence of this opportunity to try again, you have what is next to it in the opening of a new year. The year on which you now enter, is, in an important sense, a new probation. It is a space of time separated from the past. That past cannot be recalled or improved. It has gone up with its record to the throne of judgment. But the opening future gives you a fresh chance. You may do in the coming year what you failed to do in the past. It is as though you could live a section of life over again, with the privilege of improving what was defective, of righting what was wrong, of doing what had been left undone.

Use this year as not abusing it. Do the noblest things; do them so as to leave no regrets at the close. Improve the time now given as you will wish you had done when eternity dawns. You live not for the hour, but for eternity. The conduct of this year is to be one of the factors entering into that future life. If you can think of anything in the past you would like to improve, do that thing right this year.

Most men have a consciousness of something in them that is never brought out. With some the opportunity was never afforded; the field was never opened that would lend scope to their peculiar gifts and powers; or, as we say, they never had a chance.

A far larger number are condemned for neglect of their chance. When the field is closed against us, Providence mercifully hides from ourselves our gifts, and possibilities for its cultivation; but as the field opens to us, the sense of adaptation to do something in it, awakens in us.

Of those capable of good services, the number of actual doers is comparatively small. Some fall for want of a deep and pervading conviction, a solemn and set purpose. Their heart is not in it, and therefore the work is not done. The great lives are those that have come out of the heart; out of it are the issues of lives. Their work has absorbed them.

Others fall for want of due preparation. With the natural gifts requisite to perform grand deeds for God and humanity, there has been a neglect of those human adjustments which alone can render natural qualities effective.

Others miss the hour. The tide goes out ere they get ready to launch. A few moments sooner, and great things might have been theirs; a few moments later it leaves them in Shakespeare's shallows and miseries.

"The means that Heaven yields must be embraced, And not neglected; else if Heaven would, And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse."

Man is a bundle of possibilities; and you are to determine, to a large extent, how many of these possibilities shall become facts. Every young man should determine to make the most of himself, and endure the self-denial necessary to effect his purpose.

HOW TO DO IT.

A Presiding Elder writes his thanks for the editorial upon "Sifting the Pulpit;" but asks how it is to be done? Certainly no persons can render more efficient aid than this much discussed Church officer. All licenses to preach and recommendations to Conference come under his eye, and are submitted to his godly judgment. It requires some nerve to stand up against the persistent request of a not over modest candidate for the ministry, especially when he has the sympathy, if not conscientious approbation, of the members of a quarterly conference. But if the Presiding Elder yields at every point where his personal judgment and honest convictions place him in opposition to the unwise and weak sentiment of the brethren, of what special value is he in the ordering of the economy of the Church? It is better that one, or a few, suffer than many. It is better that an inefficient young man should be persistently advised not to offer himself to the itinerant ministry, than that he should be encouraged to accept responsibilities he can never meet; to place himself where his whole life will be an embarrassment, his usefulness destroyed, and the Church be burdened with the disheartening task of carrying another unproductive laborer and his family in her hands.

But what if a man seems honestly and powerfully moved by the Holy Spirit to preach? Let him preach, by all means, if God calls him into the work. God's providences are all in harmony with each other. An open door will certainly swing upon its divine hinges, before such a man. His call and endowment will be evident to others; for the presence of the Holy Spirit cannot be hid. But it is not necessary nor advisable for all men that are called to preach and endowed with certain effective gifts, to become itinerants, or to yield their daily labor, for the sole work of the ministry. Hundreds of excellent local preachers, who readily earned a handsome living, and, at the same time, did excellent service as lay ministers in the vicinity of their homes, have dragged along a wearisome life after they have entered the regular ministry, hardly able to support and educate their families, and simply being endured rather than enjoyed in their pastoral services.

It is a misfortune that the local ministry in some of our Conferences, has fallen into low estimation, and almost into disuse. This is partly due to the giving up of the circuit system, and making a Conference station of every little handful of members throughout the work; partly to the struggle for life among many of these small charges through the competition of adjoining and popular Churches, rendering a special order of talent necessary; and partly to the lay preachers themselves, who, instead of pushing out as their predecessors, years ago, were accustomed to do, have waited for the stationed preachers to arrange their work for them. The result is, nothing is done. They hold still their licenses to preach, but stand idle in the market-place, saying, "No man hath hired us." There is work enough everywhere. These men might be our best city missionaries; but they must do as Moody does—secure their own halls and preaching places, or gather their own Sunday-schools, and then draw together their congregations, old and young. This is an effective way of testing the call to preach. Some forty years ago a young merchant of this city went out to Roxbury, and held prayer-meetings in a private house, having, at first, but an exhorter's license. A religious interest was awakened; the Town Hall was soon after hired; a great revival of religion followed, and a Church of nearly one hundred members was formed. This was the commencement of Methodist in Boston Highlands. Brother T. R. Hawley was a merchant until the day of his death, and a much more efficient worker for his Master, than if he had rushed into the itinerant ministry.

The members of quarterly conferences who sit upon the applications for license and recommendations, must faithfully ask themselves the question, whether the proposed candidate would be an acceptable pastor of their own Church, or preacher in their pulpit. Sometimes an excellent gift may be misjudged; but no serious harm will be done. If one has upon his soul a dispensation of the Spirit to preach the Gospel, as in the instance of the evangelist who now has a world-wide reputation, no ordinary obstacle will discourage him. There will be a fire in his bones that he cannot quench, and he will burst out, however smothered. He will somehow or somewhere demonstrate to all that love his Lord, that a dispensation of the Spirit has been committed unto him.

But our schools of learning have their peculiar responsibility in this matter. All of these, even to the theological seminaries, are anxious to swell the number of their students. It becomes early known in a young man's course whether he is looking to the ministry or not. Indeed, from the entrance to the academy, many of this class receive aid from educational societies. The requisitions of these societies, if fairly carried out, are strict enough to operate as a wholesome check upon very indifferent students. Still, honest convictions of the lack of adaptation or call to the ministry are often felt by professors in these institutions without being expressed to the persons themselves. For the sake of the young men, and for the good of the Church, as delicate and painful as is the task, where the promise of usefulness seems so small, as we are personally assured it does in not a few instances, the golden rule, and duty to God and his Church demand a faithful utterance on the part of godly professors. These young men should not be encouraged to plod hopelessly along a seven or three years' course, to be disheartened and afflicted all the rest of their lives, and to be a wearisome burden for the Church, without any adequate return, to bear.

We have no fear of quenching the Spirit, or discouraging one that has a true call to preach. You cannot put out heavenly fire. If Carey could not secure a missionary board to send him to India, he was ready to go himself at his own charge; and when he found his way hedged up, to commence his work, he went into an indigo factory until he had learned the native language, and a providential door opened before him. It is well to feel somewhat pungently the urgency of the divine call to the ministry, so that one may accept it heartily, as a life-long bride, for better or worse, for richer or poorer, until death do us part. It is the sublime and most blessed of all human service. Its discomfords are as nothing where the divine call and the divine benediction are not lacking; but if one runs before he is sent, or without his message, woe betide him, and the people for whom he attempts to minister!

FRANCE AND THE JESUITS.

One of the enigmas of the period to the student of history, is the extent to which, of late years, France has been willing to bow its neck to the behests of the Jesuits. Until quite recently, the Gallican clergy was proud to assert its rights for France in any conflict with Rome, and the Vatican was well aware that it could find no object slaves in French priests. But since the war with Germany, especially, all this is bravely altered, and though France bears the name of "Republic," it is, in reality, bound hand and foot by the Order of Jesuits, whose intrigues enter into every measure that is brought before the people.

The only man who has had the courage to stand up against this mighty power in all France, and represent in his native land the principles of oppo-

sition to the new-fangled dogmas of the Vatican council, is the Abbé Michaud, who has recently published a valuable work entitled, "The present condition of the Roman Catholic Church in France." It was immediately suppressed, however, and he was banished, and has taken refuge in Switzerland. Here he has had his book translated into German and published with additions; and thus it again appears to the European world. The very fact that he has not the liberty of speech and the press in France, proves the power of those who now oppose him.

The Jesuits are not satisfied with again having made Spain the firm arena of their operations, but are determined, if possible, to secure France also; and if they succeed in making France a ready instrument for their will, they possess the two most ambitious powers of Europe, and those which are most ready to make material and spiritual conquests where the way is open to them. Abbé Michaud deserves the credit of having unveiled many of their plans, and it is a great pity that all France could not read his book and learn the urgency of their condition. He asserts that of late the Jesuits have been more open than ever before in their plans, and are now determined to lay hold on the most important civil and social institutions for their special benefit. Already they have immense power in the army, the schools, the press, the civil administration, and all benevolent institutions. He declares Romanism to be a consuming cancer in a Republic not less than in a monarchy, and gives the historical proof of it in his book.

Michaud affords abundant evidence that the proud Church of France has succumbed to the despotic commands of Jesuitical rule, and shows that French Bishops are now the obedient instruments of the Vatican. The priests have become willing tools in the hands of the Bishops, and the great mass of the laity are the abject slaves of the priests. The last act of this enslavement occurred when the Bishops quietly bowed to the dogma of infallibility. This subserviency has gone so far that the French episcopacy has become but "dust under the papal slipper."

A significant element of Jesuitical strength among the laity is the so-called "lay-party," whose principal organ in the press is the paper known as *L'Univers*, published in Paris, and controlled by the notorious Vuilliot. This sheet has set itself as the guard and censor of the French clergy, and holds the rod over them so completely that its editor and proprietor is popularly known as the "Pope of France." Vuilliot is a man of rare acumen, just such as Rome chooses as its instruments, and is no fanatical religionist, but rather a man of a frivolous character who gives zeal and talent to the work for the money and the notoriety which it gives him. In the course of his history he has followed nearly all shades of opinion, and worn many political masks, even to being a republican and revolutionist. He is now so devoted to the fanatics of the highest and the lowest orders in France, that even the pious Montalembert once called his sheet, the "journal of the clerical mob."

The clerical party pretends, at times, to be displeased with his zeal, but in every contest he is sure to come out ahead, and is evidently the pet of the most fanatical Catholics of France. He is the great shield and protector of the Jesuits in France, and openly sustains them in all their efforts to obtain possession of places of power in the Church and in the schools. Vuilliot has completely thrown off the religious mask in his sheet, and openly proclaimed his aims to be political. Directly or indirectly, he works against the republic, and is openly in favor of the restoration of the ancient monarchy, and a war of revenge against Germany. He works with all his energy to stir up hatred among different classes of society, and encourages his followers to take an active part in the mania for miracles and pilgrimages. And the more this policy succeeds, the higher rises the stock of all Jesuitical enterprises. When the Protestant deputy in the French chambers—the well-known Pressensac—brought in a bill to make perfectly free to all sects the right of assembling for religious purposes, he was voted down at the dictate of Vuilliot, who threw into his face these arrogant words: "When we are in the minority we claim the liberty of our principles; when we are in the majority we deny it to you according to our own." This is the policy of the Jesuits, not only in France, but everywhere. The recent crisis in the French ministry was caused by the demands of the French clergy, and men rise or fall in France more because of their religious alliances, than on account of their political convictions—because the Jesuit is in French politics.

METROPOLITAN METHODISM.

That unerring pulse of New York Methodism, the Preachers' Meeting, often indicates the presence of a diseased system. First, it is a wall that the masses are un-reached; then, that there are no old-fashioned revivals; or, that there are very few new city churches being built by the denomination, other than by congregations removing to new sites; or, that there is a great want of *esprit de corps*, as between the individual Churches; or, finally, that the denomination is falling behind in the ratio of the cities' growth, and the advancement of other religious bodies. Recently, led on by Rev. Doctors, the Jeremiahs of the "meeting" seem to have been more than usually plentiful and plaintive. The *Swiss* furnished its readers on the Wednesday following, with an editorial on "The Wreck of Methodism." The following Monday the unofficial announcement was made by Rev. Wm. Lloyd—pastor of Washington Square M. E. Church, and second in pulpit popularity to no Methodist

now in the city—that he had withdrawn from the denomination. It was whispered, he might accept a call to Dr. D. D. Moore's pulpit of the Reformed Church, Madison Avenue. His departure does not, however, occasion very deep regret.

It is interesting to note the explanations of the decline of Methodism hereabouts. Removals of the Church members from the city to the suburbs; the itinerancy of the ministers; the influx of Catholics and foreigners; the death of the older members, and the straying away of their children; too little pulpit eloquence; churches not sufficiently attractive; too many churches and too little money. Mr. Lloyd says, "Methodism is going to wreck in New York because of the itinerancy," and that he is "weary of being simply a cog in a wheel." Though the doctors disagree in the diagnosis, they all assert, "There must be something wrong." The *Swiss* recommends to these ministers to "inquire whether they are really proclaiming, with whole-souled earnestness and genuine faith, the doctrines and practices of the Founder of Christianity; whether they are striving to carry the Gospel, as a practical thing and a real life, into the heart of the people by which they are surrounded; whether many of them have not fallen into the worship of Sham; whether they have not catered to the pretensions of fashion, and the selfishness of wealth; whether they have not struggled to build costly churches, and whether their own daily lives and practices are a manifestation of Scriptural religion?"

While numbers of the Methodist Churches of New York, situated among the well-to-do and thickly-settled of her citizens, are mourning their small congregations and large expenses, the Church of the Holy Trinity, Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., D. D., pastor, is very similarly situated, but presents a very different picture. With a debt of \$200,000 on the church edifice, he carries on most successfully in connection with his Church, the "Gospel Tent" services; a "temperance meeting;" the "Philip and Andrew Society;" the "Mary and Martha Society;" the "Dorcas Society;" an "Industrial Sewing-school;" the "Young Ladies' Sewing Society;" the "Orphanage;" the "Dispensary and Infirmary;" the "Home for Christian Care;" the "House of the Evangelists;" the "Lay Preachers' Association;" "Home Bible readings in different houses;" "Two separate Sunday-schools in the Church, with separate officers and teachers in the morning, and another in the afternoon;" besides two mission Sunday-schools. Every Sunday night the People's Service, popularized, and the pews practically free, and crowded houses all the time, and services every night in the week. It is a protracted meeting all the year round, so systematized and adjusted, that everything runs easily and harmoniously, with the machinery all out of sight.

One hundred and twenty were confirmed a fortnight since, and a few months previously, over three hundred, of white and black, rich and poor. The "Gospel Tent" services, and legal advice services are all included in the methods of Church work. The pastor proclaims that it has been his study, since the foundation of his Church, fifteen years ago, to bring the rich and poor together in one church home, on an equality before God, as indicated by the New Testament Churches; and that, with the help of the Holy Spirit, his Church has very nearly reached that ideal. No wonder, a close observer of religious methods remarked to Dr. Tyng, "Your Church is the greatest snare-trap I have ever found." Ten thousand dollars was quietly asked for at a recent morning plate collection, for the yearly expense of these mission enterprises.

We believe if Methodist ministers would graft upon the same disposition of work, a similar tone of evangelistic spirituality, and, as Moody says, "go for the masses," there would "be no complaining in our streets." It is certain, we think, that the disposition to build up class Churches, some for rich and some for poor, is the bane of Protestantism, and, with the want of more spiritual life, the especial difficulty with New York City Methodism.

EVANGELIZATION OF CITIES.

On last Sunday evening Bishop Potter confirmed one hundred and twenty-one persons in the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York City. Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., D. D., rector. This is the third confirmation in this Church this year (the three classes numbering about five hundred and sixty). This large class made up almost entirely of working men and women, and were nearly all brought in by the tent-services during the summer. — *Church Journal*.

Praise the Lord that one man has solved the problem, how to reach the masses of our cities! A minister of the staid and conservative Protestant Episcopal Church has gone and done it, while Methodist preachers' meetings have been discussing the best modes of doing it.

There is nothing left for Methodism to do but to pocket the mortification of being behindhand in at least one great scheme for evangelizing the non-church-going masses, invest a little of her spare change in tents, and select the tent preachers, guarantee them a living, and send them into the parks, commons and vacant lots of our cities, with a good band of volunteer singers and workers.

A member of the New England Conference feels drawn toward this work. There is not a man on earth, not excepting D. L. Moody, who has better qualifications for such a work as this. It seems to me that he was put together by the Creator for an evangelist to the masses, and forerunner before the foundation of the world for this policy of the Jesuits, not only in France, but everywhere. The recent crisis in the French ministry was caused by the demands of the French clergy, and men rise or fall in France more because of their religious alliances, than on account of their political convictions—because the Jesuit is in French politics.

The valuable "Hints about Work" on the 7th page should be credited to the *American Agriculturist*, to which we confess our frequent and large indebtedness. We know of no magazine fuller or richer on the subjects of which it treats.

Editorial Items.

One of the most practical and best evidences of the superiority and truth of the Christian religion, is found in the fact that man clings to it, as his best support in seasons of sorest trial, after intimate and protracted acquaintance. No man's system, not many people, will bear close scrutiny. The best saints need to be seen in the distance, or with a little advantage of light and shade. The virtues, so luminous in the haze of a secular atmosphere, are apt to become very human when tangible. These people are good, but, after all, not quite what we anticipated.

Systems will not stand the test better than men. In the distance that doctrine looks well; put it under the glass, or bring it close to you and inspect it long, and it will be sure to show great rents and flaws. True as this view may be of all human schemes, it is not applicable to the Gospel, or to the Master who gave the Gospel. No other religion has been tested so closely or so long. Others have disappeared under the test; this remains, the cherished faith of the wisest and best part of mankind. To know it intimately is to appreciate it most highly. Who ever passed through such a critical examination as Jesus Christ? And yet who has ever held such a place in the affection of good men? He is the only person in human form who will bear close investigation. To know Him intimately is to admire and love. Those who do not love Him, are such as do not know Him. Strangers to Him, alone, hate Him. Here is one being about whom you need have no fear of finding anything that will not bear examination.

A short trip to New York gave us an opportunity to read *The International* for January and February. We found it very attractive. Prof. Curtius gives a learned description of the unearthly treasures received from Greece and just arranged in the British Museum. The venerable ser — W. C. Bryant — has a solemn and musical sonnet upon the Dangers of Manhood. A literary Frenchman writes upon Parisian Art in 1876. Principal Dawson punctures the logic of Prof. Huxley's New York lectures, in a very clear and pungent review. Prof. E. W. Clark, for several years past a professor in the National College of Japan, makes an intelligent review of Japan among the Nations. He tells some wholesome truths, not discouraging, indeed, but tending to give sober views of the evangelization and Christian civilization of that country. R. R. Bowker gives a very thoughtful review of Deronda. The editor writes vigorously, and somewhat pessimistically, of political corruption. The miscellany of the number is abundant and interesting.

The Allen St. M. E. Church, of New Bedford, held an interesting quarter of a century anniversary last Friday evening. Dr. McKown, a former pastor, delivered an earnest discourse upon the fundamental doctrine of the new birth. At its close the audience passed into the vestry and enjoyed a social and commemorative festival. Much good speaking was mingled with material comforts. Addresses were made by the pastor, Rev. B. P. Raymond, Chaplain Butler, Rev. R. W. C. Farnsworth and many others of the active laymen and excellent ladies of New Bedford Churches. We trust the next quarter of a century will be even more prosperous than the first.

The three late editors of *The Watchman*, Rev. Dr. W. O. C. Loring, Dr. C. Loring, and Franklin Johnson, take official leave of their readers in graceful and friendly notes. Rev. Dr. Smith enters upon the duty of managing editor, with the opening of the new year. He comes with much experience, and a wide reputation as a successful editorial writer. He has an honored position upon one of the most respected of our large religious weeklies. We wish him the best and widest success.

The attention of our readers is called to the interesting programme published last week of the Sunday-school Convention for Lynn District, to be held at Union Square Church, Somerville, Jan. 10th. The convention is intended to be a unique affair, treating wholly upon the religious side of the Sabbath-school, which is very timely at this hour of increasing religious interest. Let there be a full attendance. The convention is to begin at 9:30 A. M., and continue through the day and evening. Collations will be furnished.

Notwithstanding the late watching on the previous night by many of the brethren, the Preachers' Meeting on Monday morning was well attended and wide awake. A talk was given the meeting by Mr. Davies, lately from Charleston, S. C., on his work and observations in that city. He takes a very hopeful view of matters. A paper from Rev. Brother Middleton, of South Carolina, on general questions relating to the colored people in their relations to Church and State, was read. A committee was appointed to consider the propriety of hereafter closing the doors of the Preachers' Meeting to all but preaching personal incidents, on the first Monday of each month. The committee's recommendations for the general missionary meeting, to be held on Friday evening, reported everything arranged, and prospects good for a grand meeting.

Scriven's Monthly opens the year with a fine number. Prof. Boyesen gives an interesting article, which is admirably illustrated, upon Norway and Norsemen. Gen. G. B. McClellan writes a solid paper, lightened by pleasant personal incidents, upon a winter on the Nile, which is also illustrated. Charles Barnard has a suggestive and valuable paper, enhanced by the fine wood-cut, upon English workmen's homes; showing how co-operation between generous capitalists and their workmen, or by combinations among themselves, a better and very tasteful class of private dwellings may be secured. Dr. Holland continues his story, a highly entertaining tale of the Dutch Tulp meetings. The editorial discusses the Chinese question, the moral value of physical strength, etc. Altogether the number is both entertaining and instructive.

The season is propitious for religious work, and especially for revival efforts. The close of the year is a time of thoughtfulness, the new year of good resolutions. In many of our Churches there is a spirit of deep thoughtfulness, a ground swell of prayer and wrestling, which may prove an incoming tide of salvation. The pastors are leading and sharing in this spirit and work. We are glad to learn that, at a meeting of the pastors of the Churches in this city and vicinity held last week, they resolved, almost spontaneously—the suggestion coming from several at the same time—to hold a special fast-day service on Friday, Jan. 12. The public services will be held in Bromfield Street Church, and will be continuous, without intermission, through the day. All the people are invited. Come when you can, and stay as long as you can. Pray and labor with faith. We shall refer to this matter again, next week.

We are glad to receive from some of our ministers, the most unmistakable evidence that they are not neglecting the HERALD; for each mail brings us more or less new subscribers. But unless special attention is given by the preachers to its interests, we fear there will be a shrinkage of our list in some places. One brother sent us to-day, five new names from a small country charge; hundreds of others might do as well if they would make the effort. Let each minister see that all his people have an opportunity to subscribe.

We are indebted to Dr. Albert Day, of the Washingtonian Home, for a copy of the first number of the *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety*, published under the auspices of the American Association for the cure of inebriates. It is edited by Dr. Crothers of Binghamton, N. Y., and is issued from Hartford, Conn. If the succeeding numbers compare in value with the present, it will be of essential service in the great reform. The address of Dr. Mason, and the paper of Dr. Beard upon the causes of the increase of inebriety in America, are especially instructive. The miscellany is also suggestive and of practical value.

The *Boston Daily Advertiser Annual* for 1877, contains many of the best qualities of the famous *Tribune Almanac*. It has a full roll of the Federal Government, and forty, fifth Congress, with the last presidential vote of the New England States. It presents the names of the governors of all the States; the square miles and population of the latter, with the usual calendar, and a variety of miscellaneous and fine illustrations.

The family edition of the *Boston Almanac and Directory* for 1877 is promptly published. It is found a necessity in every household where it has been so long annually welcomed in the city. Published by Sampson, Davenport & Co., 155 Franklin Street.

It has been suggested by the committee on the all-day service at Bromfield Street, that the Churches in the various centers in New England be requested to unite in similar services on the same day, Friday, January 12. Let there be prayer and fasting in all our Churches!

The American Unitarian Association issues its annual under the title of the *Year Book of the Unitarian Congregational Churches for 1877*. It has the usual calendar, and all important items of denominational interest, with a list of Unitarian ministers and their parishes.

A despatch to Eben Shute, esq., of this city, announces that the noted and devoted singing leader and author, of the West, P. P. Bliss, with his wife, were among the victims of the terrible disaster at Ashabula. No traces of their remains could be found. The children are safe, not having been on the train.

The *Christian Banner*, a sixteen-page illustrated monthly, published by Lockwood, Brooks & Co., 331 Washington Street, for the American Tract Society, at the low price of 50 cents a year (or to clubs, at 30 cents), enters upon its nineteenth volume with a full and attractive table of contents. It is a choice little journal and deserves a wide circulation.

THE MILLION SERIES TRACT.—The beautiful tract on "Christian Life and Consecration," a million copies of which were ordered by the Tract Society for gratuitous distribution, has been widely circulated. Several thousand copies still remain. With every grant of tracts made by our society for the next three months a parcel of fifty to three hundred of these tracts will be sent out.

Pastors desiring any number of this tract, and promising to distribute it, will please make application immediately forwarding stamps to pay postage, as follows: for 100 copies, four cents; for 200 copies, eight cents; for 300 copies, twelve cents; for 400 copies, sixteen cents; for 500 copies, twenty cents; for 1,000 copies, forty cents.

No application will be honored, except those signed by a regular pastor or President of the Church. Send to J. H. Vincent, 305 Broadway, N. Y.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.—According to the announcements made in the churches of this city and vicinity last Sunday, a grand missionary mass meeting will be held in Tremont Temple, Friday evening, January 5th, at 7 o'clock—the doors to be opened at 6 o'clock to those holding tickets supplied to the pastors for distribution, and at J. P. Magee's. Bishop Foster will preside, and Rev. Drs. Newman, Buckley, and A. S. Hunt, and General Clinton B. Fisk will deliver addresses. On Saturday, at 10-30 A. M., a missionary fore-feast will be held in the Bromfield Street Church; also, at 2 P. M., a Missionary Conference meeting in the same place. At the Saturday meetings there will be presented brief testimonies from many returned missionaries, and a synoptical review of our missionary work. The secretaries of the Missionary Society, Drs. Dashiell and Reid, will be present at all the meetings. The committee appointed to arrange for these meetings recommend that each Church make its annual missionary offering on Sunday, January 7.

It is confidently hoped that the Methodists of this vicinity will respond to the summons to listen to these able speakers on this most pressing and important of all subjects at the present, and that the meetings will be fully and enthusiastically attended.

Notes from the Churches.

MASSACHUSETTS.

NOTES FROM CAPE COD.

At Sandwich, under Rev. C. S. Nutter, affairs are moving pleasantly. Connected with this Church is a praying band, whose labors with the neighboring Churches have been blessed in the salvation of many souls. Already souls are inquiring the way of life and salvation, and the Church is planning an earnest winter's work for God.

At West Sandwich, the Church, under Rev. C. E. Walker, has "heard the sound of the Lord's going in the tops of the mulberry trees," and is rejoicing in the salvation of the people. For more than six weeks they have been holding extra meetings, assisted by neighboring pastors. At the end of the third week only one had been converted, but all the while the tide had been steadily rising. Within the next two weeks over sixty bowed at the altar, seeking Jesus, nearly all of whom testify to having found pardon. The work has thus far been almost entirely among the young people, but those more advanced in life are beginning to yield. At Falmouth, Rev. H. W. Hamblin has been gathering up the results of last winter's revival, and is planning for another vigorous campaign. Out of the ninety converts, the M. E. Church has received less than half, but they have proved its own salva-

tion. Whoever may be appointed to Falmouth another year will find a good foundation upon which to build once more a strong Methodist Church. Brother Hamblin, though only a local preacher, and earning a support by a purely secular calling, has accomplished a wonderful work.

NORTH EASTON.—The Church recently donated to the M. E. Society at North Easton village, by the Hon. Oliver Ames of that place, was re-opened December 28th. Rev. Lewis B. Bates of Boston presented the discourse, which was an able and very interesting presentation of the power and progressiveness of the peace of Christ; and Rev. Messrs. Morrison and G. H. Bates, former pastors, and Livezey, Chaffin, Sheldon and Williams, took part in the services. The church comes into the hands of the trustees with bell, organ, stoves and other fixtures, all in the gift, and has been moved to an eligible and commanding location just off the main street. The generosity of Mr. Ames, and the prompt response of the society to his easy conditions, obliterated the necessity of the customary begging. After the services the new Ames Memorial Church, erected by the same gentleman at an expense of about seventy thousand dollars, was inspected by many present, and was pronounced one of the most beautiful churches in New England. The Ames family have long greatly assisted Methodism in North Easton, and are distantly related to our Bishop of the same name, who once enjoyed their hospitality. May God bless the donor!

Palmer.—The M. E. Church in this place has been greatly blessed of late. Rev. I. T. Johnson commenced laboring with the pastor and Church November 19, and closed his efforts with them, Sunday, Dec. 10th. Over thirty were led to the world's Redeemer and through faith in the efficacy of His blood were made to rejoice in the God of their salvation. Earnest, faithful, persevering, were the labors of Brother J. May God continue to bless his efforts!

P. S. Since writing the above, I have received a letter from Brother Johnson, from his home at Oxford, stating that he had been examined by a doctor, who said one of his lungs was affected, and advised him to desist from his work. He added that he might go South in a few weeks.

Plymouth.—A happy bridal party assembled at the residence of Captain Jesse R. Atwood, on Leyden Street, on Monday evening, December 4th, to witness the nuptials of his eldest daughter to Henry Harrison Cole, esq., of Taunton. The matrimonial was performed by Rev. J. W. Malcolm. All the arrangements were such as to give most pleasing effect to so auspicious an event.

Springfield District.—Our District Preacher, Mr. Bliss, like the last, was a decided improvement on former years. The Presiding Elder presided. The attendance was better than at the last. The themes were practical; the discussion was animated and interesting. Dr. Twombly read a sharp, witty essay upon the Circuit System, containing many good hits decidedly reliable. The Presiding Elder also gave his views on the subject. Others participated. All were on one side, and hoped for more circuits among the feeble charges. Rev. J. W. Cole and Dr. W. Rice took issue on the evolution theory without either evolving a settlement of the great controversy. Brother Cole opposed the "evolution theory," and Dr. Rice advocated theistic evolution.

Rev. E. B. Thorndike gave a valuable paper on "Evolution," it awakened a live and brotherly discussion. Surely, Methodist ministers ought to be interested in this subject as in few others. It proved so. While some had lost faith in some of the so-called "evangelists," all earnestly contended for revivals, working from the "inside outward."

We are happy to know that this doctrine is not a theory alone with us. Our preachers are experimental believers. Not in doubtful expedients, but seizing upon the great resources of spiritual power, they work as expecting a glorious harvest of souls. In Holyoke, South Hadley Falls, South Deerfield, Leyden and Palmer, already triumphs of faith are witnessed. In many other places the omens are excellent. Christmas trees and festivals have been a full and full of good cheer. Rev. E. Burroughs, of South Hadley Falls, was the recipient of a fine sleigh, two turkeys, etc. The Westfield Church greatly enjoyed a great crowd, a sumptuous repast and fine literary exercises. Watch-night services were held in most of our churches, and the Week of Prayer is being observed in many of them.

Dr. Upham made a fine address upon the life of the period of pastoral service at the late preachers' meeting. Others followed, most of whom dealt severely with the committees who seek to interfere with the pastoral appointments.

The lecture of Rev. W. Rice, D. D., Tuesday, December 26th, upon a Century of Methodism, was a fine description of our economy and doctrine, our rapid growth and present strength.

The District Methodist for January was out December 15th, and sends its Christmas and New Year's greetings to its upward of 15,000 readers. The Presiding Elder has sixty-three appointments for the quarter, which means fifty-four sermons, nineteen vestry-meetings, fifty-six quarterly conferences, and more than 2,000 miles of travel. It means an admirable opportunity to labor to the utmost of one's physical powers for the welfare of Zion. May it not be without permanent gracious results!

Wilbraham Academy has a considerably larger attendance this term. Mr. C. H. Raymond, of Middletown, in the department of elocution, adds real strength to the faculty. Our ministers and friends would scarce do a nobler service to the cause of education and their youth than to encourage them to attend this most excellent seat of learning.

Belgrade.—The Methodist society of Belgrade Mills and Depot, with other kind friends and neighbors, gathered at the house of the pastor, Rev. J. W. Smith, on the evening of the 28th, and enjoyed a very pleasant occasion, indulging in an oyster supper, etc. Money and other necessities of life were left with the family to the amount of \$45.

Six were received in full connection with the M. E. Church, at the Depot, two weeks ago.

Mr. Ames Abbott, of Upton, committed suicide by hanging, Dec. 9th, cause unknown. He was 54 years old, a man of sterling integrity, and universally respected.

The senior and junior exhibition at Bowdoin College took place at Tremont Hall, Dec. 15th. The exhibition was considered one of the best for some years.

Mrs. Abby Merrill, of Gardner, widow of the late Dr. Joseph Merrill, was found dead in her bed, Dec. 16th. She was a highly esteemed Christian lady, and will be much missed in society.

The business portion of Phillips upper village, has recently been destroyed. Five stores and two dwelling-houses were among the buildings burned. Estimated loss \$10,000, with but little insurance.

The "remembrances" of Brother Trafton in the HERALD are read with much interest in his native State, and it is hoped that more of them will be forthcoming; but in a recent communication he makes a slight mistake. In the roll of honorable names comprising the Maine Conference in 1831, he says: "There is but one effective man remaining. I think, Rev. D. B. Randall." Rev. A. Sanderson is still effective and doing good service for Christ and the Church, which Brother Trafton will be undoubtedly very happy to learn.

A Young Men's Covenant Band was organized in the Baptist Church in Skowhegan, Sunday, Dec. 24th.

The revival interest at South Paris still continues. Brother Lapham, the pastor of the Methodist Church, is enjoying a very prosperous year. We wish him and his society the largest success.

There are now in the insane hospital at Augusta 405 patients. The daily average for the year past has been 398.

A Grand Lodge of the Knights of Honor for Maine was formed in Lewiston, Dec. 18th, with subordinate lodges in Lewiston, Auburn, Augusta, Bath, and Waterville. George A. Callahan of Lewiston was chosen dictator for the Grand Lodge. The annual session will be held in Augusta, the third Wednesday of February. The Church in Lewiston are enjoying prosperity; the temperance organizations are actively engaged for the suppression of intoxicating drinks; and the various relief societies are looking after the destitute and the distressed.

The High Street Methodist Church in Gorham held their annual exhibition of the Sunday-school, Tuesday evening, Dec. 26th. The church was crowded, and the exercises were very interesting. R. G. Harding is still the popular superintendent.

The church edifice at Duck Pond has been moved within the past year from its old site, to a more eligible one in the village, thoroughly reconstructed and resited, and will be reopened Tuesday, January 9th, at 2 P. M.

The Allen mission, under the superintendency of Capt. Sturdivant, has distributed, the past year, to the poor in money, provision and fuel, six hundred and eleven dollars, besides a large number of garments and shoes.

The ladies of the Temperance Union of Portland, opened their new coffee-house, which they have fitted up under the Adam House, on New Year's day, with a reception. They received their friends in this workshop of mercy. The interest in this movement is shown by the generous manner in which the citizens of Portland have contributed to the furnishing of this temperance restaurant. Over \$300 have already been received towards it.

The reform club of Portland shows a membership of 600—men redeemed from strong drink—and 6,000 on the general pledge. S. F. Pearson was re-elected president at the annual meeting.

The Methodist Church at Kennebunkport enjoyed a delightful Christmas festival at their church, Monday evening, Dec. 25th. The exercises were interesting, and the gifts abundant, in which the pastor and wife shared. The past year with this society has been a very prosperous one; but work, most earnest work, has been back of success. Brother Adams' quarterly report shows nearly 2,000 pastoral calls during the two years he has been on this charge.

Under the labors of Rev. Mr. Tyler, pastor of the Free Baptist Church, 300 persons have been united with that Church during the past year, and twelve more are awaiting membership.

Rev. C. B. Pibbado delivered his lecture on "Music among men and mice," at Congress Street Methodist Church, Thursday evening, Dec. 28th, and lectured also in the Kennebunk village course Friday evening.

The boys of the State Reform School enjoyed a pleasant evening, Wednesday, Dec. 27th, in a Christmas festival provided by the superintendent, Mr. Wentworth, together with singing, addresses, dialogues, in which the boys participated. Each of the 140 boys received a Christmas present.

EAST MAINE.

Arrowsic.—A good work has been accomplished in the past few years on the Rockland District, in the building and repairing of churches. In communities where the cause of Christ has suffered for want of suitable places of worship, people now gather in their pleasant Sabbath homes.

Our brethren in Arrowsic, stimulated and led on by their pastor, Rev. O. Tyler, have, with the blessing of the Lord, substantially repaired their church edifice.

Brother T. has been uniting in his labors of love among his people, and has brought the enterprise to a most satisfactory conclusion. Much interest was made manifest in the reopening exercises which occurred Dec. 16th. The writer discoursed to the people, and was much gratified with their good order and attention. God is still in Zion. Brother Tyler has of late rejoiced in the salvation of souls.

Prof. Geo. S. Foster, of Fredericton, New Brunswick, is now engaged in a lecturing tour upon temperance throughout our State. He spoke greatly to our edification at City Hall last evening. His judgment is, that the temperance reform is making rapid and sure progress in the Dominion of Canada, and that prohibition will sooner obtain there than in our national Congress. His labors will be productive of great good in Maine.

A new temperance society, entitled "The Penobscot Valley Reform Club," has just been organized in our city. It is designed as an enlargement of the basis of the ordinary reform club, and invites to membership and co-operation temperance men as well as others. It is hoped that it may secure the active influence of those who have not hitherto directly committed themselves to temperance work. "They that are not against us are for us;" and we devoutly thank God that the temperance interest is firmly linked to the heart of the philanthropist and the Christian.

Maine Methodists are most interested in the reminiscences of Dr. Mark Trafton. He is kindly remembered by our older brethren, and we sincerely hope he may continue his sketches, both of himself and others. Methodism in Maine is an item in our Church life, the history of which should be preserved from oblivion.

Mrs. Hannah Reed, of Tremont, was one hundred and two years old on the 13th of December. She is able to perform considerable labor, and greatly enjoys the society of friends and neighbors.

It is estimated that 500,000 tons of ice were shipped from the Kennebec and its tributaries the past year. The sales at an average of two dollars per ton would return a harvest of one million dollars for our cold product. A cold climate is not without its compensations.

The winter term of the Eastern Normal School, Castine, has recently opened. The entering class numbers seventeen. But fifty-nine are in attendance this term. The principal has been obliged by ill health to leave his position for the winter.

Rev. Nathan Hunt, a member of Colby University, has engaged to preach during the winter for the Baptist Church in West Trenton.

Eighteen have recently united on probation with the Methodist Church in Penobscot. The work of revival is still advancing. The object of which is to promote scriptural holiness, and an increase of revival power in the Churches. While we would carefully avoid all methods which have a tendency to mar the peace and unity of the Church, we earnestly desire more holiness in the world. The large number of ministers who have signed this call is very encouraging, and we hope for a full and successful observance.

The committee appointed to make the necessary arrangements, have decided to hold the convention at Fishersville, N. H., to commence Tuesday, January 16th, at 1 o'clock, P. M., closing Thursday evening. An order of exercises will soon be issued to the effect, giving full information of the proposed meeting.

M. T. CILLEY, for the Committee.

Claremont District.—According to previous appointment, this association met at Amherst, Dec. 15th. Owing to bad weather, bad traveling, and hard work at home, most of the preachers did not attend. Some six only were on hand. Brother Bryant, of Hillsboro', was elected chairman, and Brother Harrison, of Milford, secretary. Suffice it to say, we had a good time and profitable withal. Brother Bartlett, of Amherst, read his essay upon "Tobacco in America." The effort was excellent, calling forth a general expression from the association. To sum up on this question, let me say, our unanimous verdict was that tobacco should not be used at all in any home, and especially in Christian homes, some preachers to the contrary notwithstanding.

The finances of the Church, or rather some financial methods, were fully and freely discussed and due decision given. Church levees, fairs, and the like were regarded as too often highly prejudicial to true spirituality. "The Needs of the N. H. Conference" were set forth in a strong and truthful essay by the Presiding Elder, Bro.

M. T. Cilley. A return to the circuit system was thought advisable, in fact, necessary to the best interests of New Hampshire Methodism. To effect this, said the elder, two conditions must be met, i. e., the people and the preachers must possess the spirit of the Master—self-sacrifice.

Very few revivals were reported, but more harmony. The largest revival is in Richmond, where there is a protracted. This is not flattering to us. God can do without us; though Brother Taggart has labored there awhile. Brother Hardy reports some interest at Henniker. Sinners are coming to Christ.

Brother Bean, of Goffstown, gave us a thoughtful essay on "The relation of the Gospel to moral reform." Brother Norris, of Keene, preached the last sermon to the people, from Ps. cxix. 9. At its close quite a number responded to the call to come forward and consecrate themselves to the work of the Master. The association authorized the appointment by the chair, of Brothers Cilley, Quimby and Jasper, as a committee to provide for the time and place of next meeting. The people very cordially entertained the clergyman present, and regretted there were not enough to complete the circuit. J. L. HARRISON, Milford.

Gleanings.—The chapel of the Baker Memorial M. E. Church, which was dedicated Dec. 24th, is located on Warren Street near State. The building is of brick, with wood frame and slated roof, and in size is 40 by 70 feet. The audience-room, with balcony, will seat some 500 people. It is furnished with two convenient classrooms. The windows are of cathedral glass. The inside finish of the chapel is ash. The pulpit is a fine one of black walnut, and was presented to the society by Mr. John B. Watson. Certain other articles of furniture were presents from individuals. The clock and altar table were purchased with money solicited by Miss Minnie Roby, a young daughter of H. A. Roby. The building is a marvel of cheapness, costing with furniture less than \$5,000. The exercises of dedication passed off satisfactorily. A large congregation listened to the sermon of Rev. B. K. Potter, D. D., in the afternoon, which gave excellent satisfaction; and Rev. E. A. Titus, of Worcester, a former Concord pastor, preached a strong sermon in the evening. Various Methodist and other clergy-men assisted in the services.

The Methodist society of Claremont was surprised with a Christmas present of all carpet, pulpit, and pulpit chair. The donor is understood to be the generous-hearted pastor, Rev. E. R. Wilkins, who made the pulpit and chair with his own hands. Both are as handsome articles of the kind as are often seen.

Rev. F. W. Johnson, the Methodist pastor at East Canaan, was assaulted by a rowdy on Christmas night and considerably injured. The rowdy was one Barney Sullivan, a laborer on the Northern railroad. It seems Sullivan came to the church where a festival was being held, and, seeing the pastor, Rev. Mr. Johnson, requested him to stop. Sullivan knocked him down and gave him a severe beating. The community was much exercised over the matter, but the rough has not yet been arrested.

A donation party was held in the Methodist vestry at Candia, Dec. 21st, for the benefit of the faithful pastor, Rev. Mr. Frye. The Free Will Baptist church at Danville has been remodelled and put in thorough repair, and was dedicated Nov. 23. The pastor, Rev. J. A. Lowell, preached, and Rev. J. Fullerton and Rev. J. Higgins assisted in the services.

The Congregational church at Thornton's Ferry has undergone extensive repairs, and was reopened Dec. 24th.

The Methodists of Sunapee have been painting the outside of their church.

The Baptists of Hopkinton have a new church bell, weighing eight hundred pounds, and costing \$240.

Rev. F. S. Davidson, Free Baptist, of East Andover, has resigned.

A commendable act was done on Christmas day by members of the Dover Reform Club. Wood having been donated to a number of poor widows of the city, they took their saws and axes, and spent the day in cutting it up.

Christmas trees are becoming more and more common in our Churches. Reports of some such year from all over the State. Numerous were the happy Christmas Church gatherings held, and many of our preachers were generously remembered by the people.

THE WEEK.

Louisiana is threatened with a dual government. Woodward, the private secretary of Boss Tweed, has surrendered \$300,000 worth of stolen property, and is out of jail.

The steamship *Circassian*, which went ashore near Bridgman, Long Island, on the 11th ultimo, was wrecked on Friday night and twenty-five persons perished. The vessel and cargo are both a total loss.

Six hundred engineers on the Grand Trunk Railroad struck work at 9 o'clock Friday night, leaving their engines wherever they happened to be, causing serious interruption to travel. The strikers have manifested a belligerent attitude, and assaulted an engineer who had remained at work against the orders of the Brotherhood. It is reported that negotiations are now pending between the company and the Canadian government for military protection of the road from further obstruction.

A most terrible railroad disaster occurred at eight o'clock, Friday evening, on the Lake Shore Railroad, at Ashabula, Ohio. What is known as the Pacific express train, while crossing the iron bridge which spans Ashabula creek, was precipitated into the water, and seven coaches, baggage and express cars were burned. It is supposed that from 100 to 150 persons were killed and upwards of fifty wounded. A large number of the passengers, it is stated, were Eastern people. The Montreal express train also broke through a bridge at Pittsford, Vt., at midnight Friday night, but fortunately no lives were lost. Two or three persons were slightly injured and the train badly wrecked.

On New Year's day, Queen Victoria was proclaimed with great pomp at Delhi as the empress of India.

DEAFNESS CURED.

Even in cases of longstanding and apparently hopeless.

Discharges from the ear. From whatever cause, permanent or temporary. CATARRH, OPENSURE, BRUISES, etc.

Throat Affections, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc., radically cured, and all diseases of the

EYE.

Whether requiring medical or surgical aid, successfully treated by

DR. A. P. LIGHTHILL,

5 Tremont Place, near Tremont House

Geo. Leonard
Real Estate Agent
MORTGAGES NEGOTIATED.
Large Estates taken charge of, and Rents collected on reasonable terms.
Properties for sale in Boston, and all suburban cities and towns.
Office, 7 Exchange Place,
218 BOSTON.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSONS.
BEEBEE HELPS FOR 1877.

1. THE SUNDAY SCHOOL JOURNAL will continue to publish the latest notes on the International Lessons which appear in any Lesson Help. It is the purpose of the editor to make the SUNDAY SCHOOL JOURNAL for 1877, the richest, most useful, and most attractive Lesson Help published in the world.

2. THE BEEBEE LEAF for 1877 will be slightly modified, and the modifications will be justified improvements. It will be published at the low figure of five dollars and fifty cents per hundred copies at wholesale. The unparalleled success of the Beebe Leaf has justified the publishers and editors in making it better than ever. Per year, 50 cents per copy.

3. THE PICTURE LESSON PAPER for 1877 will be edited by an accomplished lady. The Picture Lesson Paper will fully satisfy the most cultivated and critical taste. It is as well adapted for use by the intermediate as by the primary classes. Per year, 50 cents.

4. THE BEEBEE QUARTERLY, a quarterly paper, devoted to the study of the Bible, and containing specially adapted to older pupils. It will also contain an adaptation of the lessons for average pupils, and a Bible dictionary, review exercises, "table drill," and many charming features. Per year, 50 cents.

5. THE BEEBEE QUESTION BOOK for 1877 will appear in a new, enlarged, and greatly improved form. It will contain much more matter, and will be precisely what the lovers of a wise question book will approve. Per copy, 10 cents.

6. THE LEAF CLUSTER for Primary Classes will be provided as usual each quarter. It will be edited by Rev. Dr. J. M. FARMAN, and every lesson will be printed in bold, beautiful type, on leaf 24 x 28 inches, and have an original blackboard sketch by W. H. H. and C. O. Per year, 50 cents.

7. THE NORMAL CLASS, which has been published monthly for the past two years, will hereafter be published as a QUARTERLY. It contains private hints to superintendents in connection with the International Lessons. Secondly, it will contain Normal Class Lesson papers and directions for the management of Normal Classes. Per year, 50 cents.

8. COMMENTARY.—W. H. O. A. Commentary on Matthew and Mark. 12mo. Price, \$1.75. On Luke and John. 12mo. \$1.75. On Acts and Romans. 12mo. \$1.75. On 1 Corinthians to 2 Timothy. 12mo. \$1.75. On Hebrews to Revelation. 12mo. \$1.75. Kings to Esther. By M. S. Terry. A. M. 12mo. \$1.75. Per year, 50 cents.

9. THROUGH THE EYE TO THE HEART gives full directions for blackboard work, and contains full directions for the use of the blackboard. Object Lessons, and International Lessons of the Bible. Per copy, 10 cents.

10. THE LESSON COMPEND for 1877, by JESSE LYMAN HUBBARD, A. M., contains the very best selections from standard and valuable commentaries, sermons, etc. Per copy, 10 cents.

NELSON & PHILLIPS, Publishers,
305 Broadway, New York.

JAMES P. HAGER, Agent, for N. E.
35 Bromfield St., Boston.

BEACH & COOK,
Merchant Tailors.
503 NEW NO.
Washington Street.

NEW FALL GOODS,
A Splendid Assortment
OF ALL THE NEWEST STYLES,
for Suits, Overcoats and
Trowsers.

YOUR CHILDREN
WANT THESE TWO MAGAZINES.
Wide Awake, 25¢ per annum.
The Popular Pictorial Magazine,
3 months for 50¢. Try it!

BAILEY & CO. 27¢ per annum. Large price! Heavy paper. Full of pictures. For the smallest children. Six months for 25¢. Try it. Address
D. LOTHROP & CO.,
32 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

A Set of 3 S. S. Papers
Our three papers constitute a complete set for all ages in the Sunday School. Having been previously pronounced THE BEST, they are now BETTER THAN EVER. Send for Specimens.

LOCKWOOD, BROOKS & CO.,
PUBLISHERS FOR
The American Tract Society, Boston.

A COMPLETE BLACKBOARD OUTFIT
FOR 1877.
For only \$3.50 Post-paid.

THROUGH THE EYE
TO THE
HEART
WITH BLACKBOARD EXERCISES
FOR 1877
SENT WITH 12 SQUARE FEET 3 x 4
LAPILINUM BLACKBOARD
FOR \$3.50 FREE
BY MAIL.

12 square feet of this blackboard cloth, "the best kind of blackboard," with Crafts' "THROUGH THE EYE TO THE HEART," new edition (1876), containing the whole theory of blackboard work and blackboard exercises, object lessons, stories, etc., on all the international lessons for 1877, sent by mail on receipt of \$3.50.
JAMES P. HAGER,
35 Bromfield St., Boston.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

THE RISING SUN
STOVE POLISH
For Beauty of Polish, Saving of Labor, Freedom from Dust, Durability and Cheapness, it is truly Unrivalled.
MORSEBROS Prop's Canton, Mass.

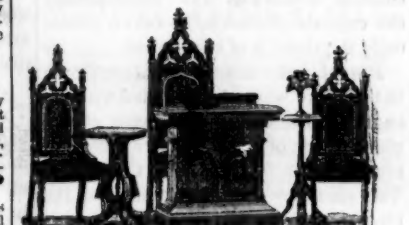
HALLETT & CUMSTON

Pianos.
1517 Washington Street,
BOSTON.
Pianos Sold on Easy Installments. Pianolet Let.

CHICKERING & SONS,
PIANO FORTES,
156 Tremont St., 130 Fifth Avenue
BOSTON. NEW YORK.

HAMILL'S
Giant Organs.

A New Class of Pipe Church Organs
No. 1. Price \$500, equal to any \$1,000 organ.
No. 2. Price \$700, equal to any \$1,500 organ.
No. 3. Price \$850, equal to any \$2,000 organ.
Call and see them. Send for circular. Made only by
S. W. HAMILL, Church Organ Builder,
228 101 Gore St., East Cambridge, Mass.



ECCLIESIATICAL,
CHUR

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

First Quarter.

Sunday, January 14.

Lesson II. 1 Kings xii, 25-33.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

THE SIN OF JEROBOAM.

In the revolution which rent in twain the kingdom of Israel, we find a mingling of forces and counter-forces. Even in the single character of Jeroboam there seem to be counter-purposes. In one sense he was a providential man, and, as the leader of the revolt against Rehoboam, was fulfilling a divine purpose. But he certainly fell very suddenly from the high place of a providential plan, as he sought by heathenish means to lay the foundations of a permanent kingdom for himself.

"The sin of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat," is the sin again and again repeated in the history of Israel, which has prevailed through large tracts of ecclesiastical history. Many are the forms of worship in the Christian Church, which, with high pretensions, have been nothing else but "so many various and opposite ways of breaking the second commandment." Many a time has the end been held to justify the means; and the divine character has been degraded by the pretense, or even the sincere intention, of upholding his cause. And so the faith of mankind has been undermined by the very means intended to preserve it. The whole subsequent history is a record of the mode by which, with the best intentions, a Church and nation may be corrupted (Stanley).

Jeroboam built Shechem—a town of central Palestine, in Samaria, among the mountains of Ephraim. In the time of the Judges it was destroyed; but now became, under the new king of Israel, a place of some importance, who made it for a time his capital; although Tirzah afterwards became, first his summer residence, and subsequently the capital. Samaria, however, eventually deprived it of that honor.

Peniel—the name which Jacob gave to the place where he wrestled with the angel. "He called the name of the place 'Face of El,' for I have seen Elohim face to face" (Gen. xxxii, 30). This place lay somewhere between the river Jabbok and Succoth.

It was an object of importance to restore this fortress, as it lay on the caravan road from Gilead to Damascus and Palmyra, and secured his frontier on that quarter (Jamicson).

Jeroboam said in his heart. This was his suspicion, suppressed, unuttered, and yet it was a strong conviction. The motives which produce the acts of men are frequently so deeply hid in their hearts that no one knows them. If the motive is of doubtful morality, especially, it is generally carefully concealed.

Now shall the kingdom return to the house of David. He began to fear lest the people, after the first flush of their revolt, would be dissatisfied with a new regime, which cut them off from their old religious associations; and Jeroboam knew there was danger to his throne if the new empire of Israel should continue to bow before the temple-altar at Jerusalem. The religious instinct was strong in the Jew. It was a part of his very life, domestic and civil. The king was philosopher enough to see how this instinct, cultivated as it had been to express itself at Jerusalem, would, if not diverted and employed in a new expression, become a weakening element in his domains.

If this people go up to do sacrifice, etc. Men's hearts go with their treasure. The altar, where first-fruits are offered, and where the finest of the flocks and herds are given up freely and religiously, has a strange power over him who makes the oblation.

In the house of the Lord at Jerusalem. The temple had cost the treasure and labor of a large proportion of these very people, no doubt, whom Jeroboam was forming into a new nationality. It would be a difficult thing, thought the king, to make these ten revolting tribes forget that visible dwelling-place of Jehovah. Religious affections cling to the house of worship where our vows are paid, and our hymns are sung. The very walls become salvation, and the gates praise.

Then shall the heart of this people turn again unto their God. Jeroboam was still jealous of the supposed power and right of Rehoboam, who had under his control the favored tribe, and the cherished city and temple. He was determined to be king and to hold his power in antagonism to Judah. And thus he forecast the dangers which he thought lay in the slumbering impulses of his Israel.

And they shall kill me. If once his people should grow weary of their separation, and turn with a reactionary impulse towards Jerusalem and their old methods of worship, he thought his life would be endangered. Hatred might take the place of a fictitious loyalty, which a sudden revolt had created.

And go again to Rehoboam, etc. He was watching his rival with envious eyes. Jeroboam manifests that lack of confidence in the success of his undertaking which a consciousness of wrong is sure to produce. He is suspicious of dangers. His throne has no secure foundations. There is no great principle that of itself binds together his tribes and fortifies them against overthrow. He must destroy the religious magnet that draws upon the hearts of his people, or supplant it by creating another.

The king took counsel—principally with himself, no doubt. After a man has settled upon a bad line of conduct, he is apt to consult only those whom he knows to be friendly to his purposes.

Two calves of gold. Jeroboam, it will be remembered, was, for some time before assuming the kingship of Israel, a resident in Egypt. The worship of bulls was a practice in that nation; that

is, the god Apis was worshipped through that symbol. Jeroboam did not wish, probably, to annul the idea of the one, true Jehovah. He desired to worship God through the image. He had become paganism in his faith. And as a resource in the difficult problem of keeping a firm hold on the religious life of his people, he invented, or rather imported, this notion of Egyptian symbolism. Instead of the tangible emblems of the cherubim, that were the chief figures in the temple, as they had been also in the older tabernacle, he set up two golden calves.

It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem. He put it upon the ground of ease and convenience.

Behold thy gods, O Israel! The same words which Aaron used when he set up the golden calf before the people in the wilderness. This declaration came to the people who, ever since the days of Sinai, had been repeating over and over again the first command of the decalogue—"Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." Whatever may have been Jeroboam's intention as to adhering to the worship of God, there was the very strongest flavor of polytheism and idolatry in this departure from the ancestral worship.

Bethel—Dan. At the two extremities of his domains the king set up two calves—in Bethel of the south, and in Dan of the north, part of Palestine. This seems like a violent desecration of the town Bethel, where God revealed Himself so manifestly to Jacob, that it was the very "House of God" to the patriarch. The unity which the one temple had once inspired in the Jewish faith was now lost. Jeroboam not only strikes at the very heart of true religion by making idols of gold, but also seeks to divide his nation, even in this debased worship, by making two shrines. After the first great rupture of the Jewish empire, we may look for constant signs of disintegration and decay of power.

And this thing became a sin, etc. The step Jeroboam was taking was backward; not an advance towards a more spiritual worship, but a compromise with idolatry. He was attempting a reformation by letting go of the ancient religious customs, and seizing upon crude, pagan idolatries as helps to a true worship. "This thing" became a temptation and a cause of degeneracy to the people—a wide-spread sin.

He made a house of high places—or a house of altars—a temple. High places, hills and mountains, were at first used as places for sacrifices; so the term came to signify "altars." The temple at Jerusalem had one altar. Jeroboam thought to improve upon the time-honored and divinely appointed method of national worship.

Made priests of the lowest of the people, etc.—from the extreme parts of the people, representatives from every part of his kingdom; or another rendering may be, from all ranks of the people. They were not from one special tribe, or class, or province.

Not of the sons of Levi. This is another evidence of the radicalism of the revolutionist. Jehovah had designated the tribe of Levi as the priestly tribe. Here again Jeroboam dared to oppose a Mosaic law. The economy which God had projected was set aside, and a man-made order of things substituted. If irreverence and outlawry once begin to tear down, there is danger that many sacred things will perish.

Jeroboam ordained a feast in the eighth month, etc. The feast of tabernacles, which occurred upon the fifteenth of the seventh month according to divine appointment (Lev. xxiii, 34), he changed so as to come a month later.

And he offered upon the altar. He assumed the functions of priest, perhaps in imitation of the Egyptian kings who united royal and sacerdotal functions in themselves. He led the people in the new worship which he instituted; and offered, in the presence of the golden calves, the sacrifices.

He placed in Bethel the priests, etc. The king could not minister at both places. His newly-appointed priests took charge of the semi-pagan rites at Bethel.

In the month which he had devised of his own heart. Men cannot make a worship or religious system that is an improvement upon what God Himself has instituted. Men's devices are all futile against or in rivalry with God's decrees. While Jeroboam was endeavoring by these changes to wean the people from deeply-rooted religious habits, he was also dishonoring God.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, January 14.
1 Tell something about Shechem.
2 How did Jeroboam show signs of jealousy of the rival king?
3 Was he an idolater?
4 Did he intend to supplant the worship of Jehovah by idolatry?
5 Give some facts concerning Bethel and Dan.
6 How did Jeroboam choose priests?
7 How many distinct acts that were sinful did the king commit, as recorded in this lesson?

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARY—THEN AND NOW.

BY REV. O. W. SCOTT.

In these days of centennials and semi-centennials, of old customs and "new departures," we have seen little or nothing concerning the marvelous advancement and improvement in the library branch of Sunday-school "requisites" during the last fifty years. The library idea, if we mistake not, was supplementary, an after-thought;

a development from the general growth of Sunday-school interests. It would, doubtless, originally have been considered an extravagance, but with the progress of the century it has found its place, and has come to be regarded as an indispensable part of Sunday-school furnishings.

The beginning of the "library" in many sections was indeed small, and, measured by the standard of to-day, exceedingly unpromising and unattractive. The attention of the writer of this article was especially drawn to this matter by the preparation of a history of the Sunday-school connected with his pastorate, and read at the fifty-first anniversary, Nov. 26.

Searching the records, we find that shortly after the organization of the school, in 1825, under the direction of the pastor, Rev. John Newland Maffitt, the need of a library began to be agitated. After considerable anxiety and effort, about twenty-five volumes were collected, and consisted partly of the following pleasing (?) selections, viz: two copies of "Prayers for Children;" one copy of "Jane and the Teacher;" one copy of "Mother's Catechism;" twelve tracts of various kinds, and a lot of Sunday-school spelling books, etc.—not a very attractive list; and here let me not forget to mention that those early publications were illustrated somewhat "with cuts," as the title page announced. But such pictures! The figures of men and women, boys and girls, in these "cuts," were often arranged in long and painfully even rows, and looked so uncomfortable, and so stiff, that would surely think that if they tried to bend they would break. Contrast this catalogue and assortment of books with the Sunday-school literature and our library to-day.

Instead of the meagre collection of our first library a half-century ago, to-day we have 1,500 volumes, the larger portion of which are nicely bound, and splendidly illustrated with beautiful and expensive wood and steel engravings. The "spelling books" have been superseded by books of history, story, biography, poetry, etc., and all, or nearly all, of high character, and intended to exert the best influence and inculcate the best moral lessons.

We rejoice in the changes that have taken place during the last fifty years in Sunday-school literature, and trust that these improvements are properly appreciated. What another half-century may produce we cannot foresee, and certainly cannot foretell.

We opine, Mr. Editor, that either Dr. Kidder or Dr. Wice could give us an interesting chapter in the history of the development of the Sunday-school library idea, from the organization of the Sunday-school Union of the M. E. Church until the present time. For one, I should be glad to peruse such an account as either of these former Sunday-school editors would be capable of giving; and would it not be of general interest and value to the entire Church?

The Family.

ADVANCE!

BY REV. H. B. WARDWELL.

Advance!—the word is grand with meaning.

The watch-word of heroic souls; Dissolves the mists of idle dreaming, And Truth's inspiring call unrolls. It makes the struggling soul victorious; It crowns the conquests of the brave; It makes the future's light glorious, As shining banners lead the wave.

Advance, past stormy breakers roaring, Brave mariner, upon the deep! Though round thy bark the wrath is lowering, And wild the thundering surges sweep.

There is a calm and peaceful haven Beyond the white sea's tossing foam; And there are hearts with love engraven, That wait to bid thee welcome home.

Advance, where rugged heights are frowning, Sweet climber, 'mid the mountain air! Hold on thy way, all day disowning, If thou would'st stand a conqueror there. Thus shalt thou gain the summit's glory, And see the grandeur of the world; The sail-flecked ocean, vast and hoary, And far horizon's cloud unfurled.

Advance where duty's pathway leads thee, Pilgrim of time! for night steals on; There, there, celestial manna feeds thee, And the sweet peace of God is won. O trust in God for thy salvation! Cleave to the right, and onward move; And when assailed with fierce temptation, Trust in the Saviour's conquering love.

Advance toward the eternal city, Shun every enterprise of wrong; God, who for man shows boundless pity, Awaits thee with the angelic throng. And there beside the golden portals, Are loved ones who have gained the prize;

Wearing the beauty of immortals, They wait to meet thee in the skies.

CASSIE'S TROUBLE.

BY REV. W. W. MARSH.

It was a fresh, fair young face against the background of green leaves, and a little girlish figure that was framed in the drooping woodbine. But there was a cloud on the face as if something had dimmed its inner sunshine. And, to tell the truth, this was so. Somehow things had not gone right with Cassie to-day, and she was, she thought, a very unhappy little girl.

In the first place, mother had waked up with one of her "awful head-aches" this morning, and this, of course, at once spoiled her plan of a picnic at Round Lake with the Horton girls. Then, of course, she had "lots more to do," and Johnnie had been the "provokingest" boy that ever was; so it did not take long to get things badly tangled with her.

"Oh, dear," she said to herself, "what does it all mean? How happy everything seems that I can see—all but me!"

And then her thoughts ran back over all the hateful things of the day, and she felt, oh, so keenly, how hateful they were; and very clearly, too, she saw that she had made them worse than they needed to be. Her crossness now did

not seem so natural, and even smart, as in the morning. Somehow, things did not look so well on her side in the clear air of her "nest."

But there was another thing that she was beginning to remember, which troubled her more than this. She remembered that when something within had given her a little prick, and told her that it was her duty to be patient with Johnnie, and to help her sick mother, and whispered of Jesus and his patience, she had been crosser still, and wished that she had never heard of the Saviour. The birds and lambs don't know anything about "duty," she had thought; and then she thought of the fairies, who like living flowers or human birds had nothing to do but dance all day long, or lie in the shade, without a thought of duty. It all came back to her now; her fancy caught at the idea, and conscience had little chance with her now. She had heard that fairies had no souls, and the thought had at first shocked her; but now it seemed to strike her in a new light, and she wondered how this would make things look to them. She at once decided that they would have none of the trouble she had over a little crossness, and that the sad face of the Saviour, which somehow was very like her mother's, would never be reproachfully before them. And that wonderful fairy-land! Oh, if she were a fairy!

Bending down, she looked into the clear water and wished. The waves seemed to come rippling up from some underworld, and she wondered from whence. What if that spring came out from there? and wouldn't it be grand if she could just step in and wander away among the fairies? How nice to get rid of this daily work, of cross, provoking people, and forget that Jesus was always watching you. So Cassie half-believed; and though she felt a little pang at the thought of leaving home, she found herself wishing for the chance to see for herself, and to try it.

While she lay watching the silver swell of the water, it seemed as if she was taken at her word. The soft tinkle of the water on the pebbles seemed far away; the birds and crickets she could not hear at all. She listened for them, but heard instead a low, faint chime as if all the blue-bells were ringing about her head; and she could see a path, opening away under the ledge where the spring came up. There was a clear light falling on it as from beyond a screen, and she heard tiny voices singing as she listened:—

"Come away, O come away! Fairy-land is yours to-day; Rise from your mossy bed, Where the sunbeams flick your head, Do not fear to enter in, Where no other child has been; We will show you wonders rare, Here and yonder, everywhere."

Without a fear Cassie stepped down into the clear water; it did not wet her foot, and the way lay so level before her, that she passed on, feeling her old life slip away from her, and a new one slipping upon her. Though everything was so new, she felt no surprise. She felt at home in all new sights, and wandered on.

The light grew stronger, the song grew clearer, and the air seemed heavy with perfumes; and as she turned at a bend in the path, she stood in full view of that which held her spell-bound with delight. As if in waiting for her, was a group of tiny creatures, airy and graceful, poising as light as a thistle-down, with robes like gossamer. Closing about her, they began to move, keeping time as they marched, swinging their bells and singing in perfect measure:—

"Come away, O come away! Fairy-land is yours to-day," etc. [To be continued.]

THE RESCUE.

A TWILIGHT STORY.

BY ELEANOR S. DEANE.

"Don't tell baby stories to-night, mother," said Frank Eaden. "Tell us one—Kate and me."

"I like grown-up stories, too," said Emmie.

"Mama tells beautiful stories," said sweet Annie, and Fannie was satisfied if mama only talked.

"It is to be a 'grown-up story,' then," said mama. "Shall it be true or fictitious?"

"What is fictitious?" asked Emmie. "Fictitious is not just true," explained Kate.

"Well," said Mrs. Eaden, "I'll try to tell one of your grandmother's stories, though I cannot do it half so well as she did, for I have forgotten some particulars, and some parts I do not understand so well."

"You don't understand, mama?"

"No, darling, because I am not much acquainted with the sea or the farm; so I cannot tell stories about them so well as one who is."

"Never mind, mother, you'll do," was the respectful encouragement given by Master Frank.

So Mrs. Eaden related the following true story: "Your grandmother had an uncle who at one time lived on a point of land that ran out into a bay."

"What bay was it? If it's true, we want to know all."

"It was Buzzard's bay. This uncle had a wife, one or two sons, and ever so many daughters; and my mother from early youth had been accustomed to make them a visit once in a year or two. At the time of my story, all the children had grown up, married, and settled in different places; and the good old uncle and aunt were living alone, and there was no house beside theirs on the point."

"One day, when uncle was away from home, Aunt Abby, in her garden, chancing to look across the bay, espied a far off sail. She saw at once that it did not belong to any of the fishing boats or other small craft that used to anchor in the cove, and so, going into the house, she adjusted the spy-glass and began taking observations. The vessel proved to be a large ship—a merchantman. As it drew nearer, she saw the occupation of the men on deck. They were rapidly making a boat ready for sea; and when every preparation was finished, it was dropped into the water. Two sailors then got into it. A strange load was carefully laid down, received by the two men, and laid in the bottom of the boat. Other sailors then descended the ladder, who, seizing the oars, propelled the boat with powerful strokes across the water till it reached the shore. Running it aground, and one man steadying the stern with an oar, three or four of the sailors lifted the helpless burden, which Aunt Abby now could see was a man, and advancing a short distance from the water, laid him on the sands. They then returned to the boat, pushed away from the shore, and made rapidly for the ship."

"Aunt Abby had watched these operations with momentary increasing interest. Now she was astonished and dismayed. She was entirely alone on the neck of land. Her quick, accustomed eye saw instantly that the poor man, whoever he was, was not in a safe place. The tide was at the turn, coming in, and the place where he lay was below the high water line. She knew no time must be lost. The incoming tide would surely wash him into the sea unless he could be speedily removed. She went into her bedroom, took off the bed, carried it out, and spread it in the bottom of the oxcart that stood in the yard before the barn-door. The oxen were in a field near by. Many a time she had fed, stroked and petted them, looking into their large, mild eyes. Now she stood at the bars which she let down, and calling the oxen each by name, she held out a measure of corn to attract them. The willing animals came, and Aunt Abby calling them kindly all the time, and followed her to the cart, where, after allowing them to feast a couple of minutes, she laid the heavy yoke across their necks, fastened it, and using the familiar language which oxen understand, she drove them across the field to the shore. The distance was an eighth of a mile. Arrived at the right spot, she turned the heads of the oxen, bringing the cart as near as she thought best to the sick man. Then she let down the back of the cart. The poor invalid watched her movements till she spoke to him. She told him the danger of his situation. She gave him cordial. She urged him to exert himself, and using all her strength, himself assisting all he could, she succeeded in getting him placed upon the bed. Then she raised the end of the cart, propped it, secured it in its place, gave the word to her faithful team, and they were in a moment off the sands in safety. She let the oxen walk slowly home, now and then giving the invalid a word of cheer."

"She could not alone get her charge into the house; but when her husband returned, together they helped him in and made him comfortable on a bed in a room near their own. Aunt Abby nursed him with motherly care and kindness, and little by little she learned his history. He belonged to an inland town, not more than twenty miles distant. He had been staying in a Southern city in the hope of regaining his health; but he had only failed in strength, and at last had taken passage on board a ship bound for a Northern port. He had grown more and more ill every day of the voyage, till it was

feared he would die without reaching home, and the captain, convinced that he would be unable to bear the land journey from the port to which he was bound, decided to put him ashore as near his home as possible. So the ship was turned out of her course, and the sailors did for him the best that they knew."

"Did the sick man get well, mama?"

"No, darling, but the good old people sent word to his friends, and took such care of him that when they came for him he had so much revived that he was able to be taken home; and it was very affecting to see the gratitude of the man and of his friends to her who had saved him from perishing in the sea when almost in sight of his home."

The children were silent awhile. Then Frank said, "That's a pretty good story, mother; and Aunt Abby was a jolly old lady, wasn't she?"

SECURE IN JESUS ONLY.

My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name; On Christ, the solid rock, I stand; All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness veils his lovely face, I rest on his unchanging grace; In every high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil; On Christ, the solid rock, I stand; All other ground is sinking sand.

—Selected.

FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.

PRINCE.

BY MARIA BRUCE LYMAN.

A physician who lived in a lovely town in New Hampshire, owned a large Newfoundland dog, called Prince. He was very intelligent, and often surprised the people by doing many very remarkable things.

One day his master went in to see a patient without tying the horse, leaving Prince in the sleigh. Soon the horse became frightened at something he saw coming, and suddenly started to run at a furious speed. Prince sprang to the seat, and with his front paws on the dasher, caught the reins in his mouth and pulled with all his strength; but the horse was not to be stopped by a dog (he was too proud for that), so he went on and on, while Prince still kept his position, unwilling to give up. Finally, the sleigh was tipped over, and poor Prince was thrown quite a distance; but, springing to his feet, he rushed up to the horse, who now stood against a fence, where several men were ready to secure him. As the Doctor reached the spot, Prince looked at him with a grief expression. His tail hung very straight, and he crawled to him as if he wished to apologize for not being more successful; but he was quite satisfied and happy, when his kind master patted him, saying, "You did well, Prince; you are a good fellow."

Prince was very fond of the children, and would endure many hard pulls and even whippings from them without complaining or trying to retaliate, as some children do. He was very cunning, however, and knowing that they loved him, he would sometimes try to frighten them. One day they harnessed and hitched him to a little wagon, and two of them taking their seats, they expected that Prince would give them a nice ride; but he did not like this arrangement. However, he walked off a little way, hoped that would satisfy them, but Ned wanted he should run; so he gave him several heavy lashes, when Prince fell on his side, and, with one long sigh, he dropped his head as if he was dead. Ned began to cry aloud, and Katie ran into the house with tears streaming down her cheeks, saying, "O, mama, Prince is dead!"

The kind mother appeared, as she heard the cries of her children, and seeing Prince lying there so still, she ran toward him, saying, "Take off the harness, perhaps he has only fainted."

Ned obeyed his mother, very tenderly raising his head in order to remove the whole. When the harness was off, and the little cart was moved back, Prince opened his eyes and sprang up, wagging his tail and dancing about with great glee.

"Why, mother, I do think Prince was making believe," exclaimed Ned; "for see, now, how well and happy he is!" And the children began to hug him and to express their joy in seeing him so lively.

"Yes, Ned," replied his mother, "Prince was evidently grieving because you whipped him; and he had no way of telling you that he was very uncomfortable with those straps around his head, so he tried to make you think that he was dead. Now you know how you would feel if you had killed him; and, my children, I hope that this will be a lesson to you, to teach you to be kind to Prince and thoughtful of his comfort. You must remember that the poor dumb animals cannot speak to you and tell you if they are suffering; and God will not be pleased with you, if you treat them unkindly."

PLEASANTRIES.

"What does 'Good Friday' mean?" asked one school-boy of another. "You had better go home and read your Robinson Crusoe," was the withering reply.

Rowland Hill was once requested to preach a sermon to the elect. He promptly replied, "Have the goodness to mark the elect with a piece of chalk, so that I may know them, and I will preach to them." The request was not insisted on.

A famous usurer of Paris being on his death-bed, his confessor presented a silver crucifix to him, with a view to awaken him to a sense of his situation. The dying miser, after examining the cross with the most minute attention, suddenly exclaimed, "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

A famous usurer of Paris being on his death-bed, his confessor presented a silver crucifix to him, with a view to awaken him to a sense of his situation. The dying miser, after examining the cross with the most minute attention, suddenly exclaimed, "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

A famous usurer of Paris being on his death-bed, his confessor presented a silver crucifix to him, with a view to awaken him to a sense of his situation. The dying miser, after examining the cross with the most minute attention, suddenly exclaimed, "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

A famous usurer of Paris being on his death-bed, his confessor presented a silver crucifix to him, with a view to awaken him to a sense of his situation. The dying miser, after examining the cross with the most minute attention, suddenly exclaimed, "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

A famous usurer of Paris being on his death-bed, his confessor presented a silver crucifix to him, with a view to awaken him to a sense of his situation. The dying miser, after examining the cross with the most minute attention, suddenly exclaimed, "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

A famous usurer of Paris being on his death-bed, his confessor presented a silver crucifix to him, with a view to awaken him to a sense of his situation. The dying miser, after examining the cross with the most minute attention, suddenly exclaimed, "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

A famous usurer of Paris being on his death-bed, his confessor presented a silver crucifix to him, with a view to awaken him to a sense of his situation. The dying miser, after examining the cross with the most minute attention, suddenly exclaimed, "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

A famous usurer of Paris being on his death-bed, his confessor presented a silver crucifix to him, with a view to awaken him to a sense of his situation. The dying miser, after examining the cross with the most minute attention, suddenly exclaimed, "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

A famous usurer of Paris being on his death-bed, his confessor presented a silver crucifix to him, with a view to awaken him to a sense of his situation. The dying miser, after examining the cross with the most minute attention, suddenly exclaimed, "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

A famous usurer of Paris being on his death-bed, his confessor presented a silver crucifix to him, with a view to awaken him to a sense of his situation. The dying miser, after examining the cross with the most minute attention, suddenly exclaimed, "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

A famous usurer of Paris being on his death-bed, his confessor presented a silver crucifix to him, with a view to awaken him to a sense of his situation. The dying miser, after examining the cross with the most minute attention, suddenly exclaimed, "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

